

DECEMBER 29, 1883

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 735.—VOL. XXVIII

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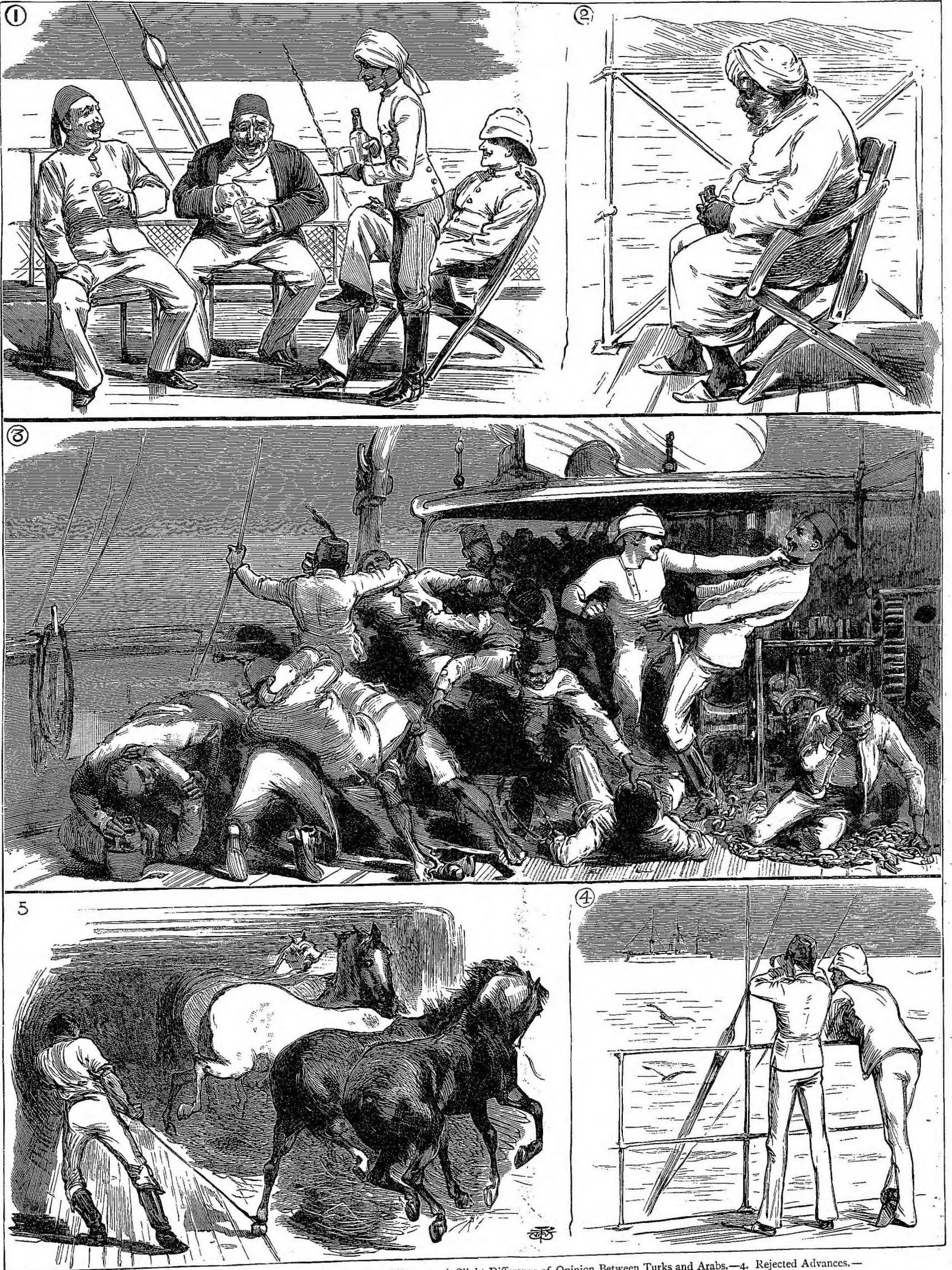
THE GRAPHIC

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1. A Turk's Idea of a One-Finger Peg.—2. Our Red Sea Pilot.—3. A Slight Difference of Opinion Between Turks and Arabs.—4. Rejected Advances.—
5. "There's Another Jolly Row Downstairs."

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—WITH BAKER PASHA'S REINFORCEMENTS: FROM SUEZ TO SUAKIM BY THE RED SEA
FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE GENDARMÉRIE

Topics of the Week

OUR POLICY IN INDIA.—At last Lord Ripon has been compelled to sanction the complete transformation of the measure which has caused so violent a storm of indignation in the Anglo-Indian community during the present year. It is decided, in accordance with the announcement made some time ago by Lord Northbrook, that jurisdiction over European British subjects shall be conferred only on native sessions judges and district magistrates; and—what is still more important—accused European British subjects are always to have the right of demanding to be tried before a jury of whom the majority shall consist of their own countrymen. With such guarantees as these no Englishman would fear to appear as an accused person before a native judge; and it is not surprising that the “compromise” has been willingly accepted by the Anglo-Indian Defence Association. What is surprising is that Lord Ripon should have persisted for so long a time in upholding a measure which he has now been obliged virtually to abandon. It was easy to foresee that his proposal would alarm and irritate Anglo-Indians; and no prudent statesman would have evoked so much ill-will unless he had been able to prove that his scheme was likely to have great and beneficent consequences. Lord Ripon was not able to prove this; for the Ilbert Bill, as its advocates admit, would at the utmost have abolished only one small anomaly in an Empire in which there are necessarily many anomalies. Unfortunately, the bad effects of the introduction of the Ilbert Bill cannot be immediately, and perhaps they will never be wholly, overcome. Race-hatreds, which were dying out, have been revived; and multitudes of natives are now complaining that they have been basely betrayed. Moreover, no sooner is the Ilbert difficulty out of the way than Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, who seem never happy unless they are hacking away at “upas-trees,” have started a scheme for the disestablishment of the Church of England in India. The bitterness which this scheme will necessarily arouse will assuredly not be lessened by the fact that the conduct of the measure will be entrusted to Lord Ripon—a man who has deserted the Church of his ancestors for that of Rome.

PROPOSED REMEDIES FOR IRISH DISCONTENT.—A patient labouring under a chronic malady is sure to be plentifully provided with advice. The advice is wont to be of a contradictory character. Ireland affords an example of this well-known fact. She either is, or fancies herself to be, thoroughly discontented. The politicians gather round her couch, and they are as anxious to try their skill upon her as were Mr. Benjamin Allen and Mr. Bob Sawyer on the immortal person of Mr. Pickwick after the ice-accident. Lord Randolph Churchill, in his recent oratorical display at Edinburgh, was less imaginative about the Irish than he had been about the Egyptian question. He spoke much that was excellent sense, but he did not strengthen his case for the indivisibility of the United Kingdom by citing the example of the American Civil War. That contest was a struggle for Empire between the two sections of the Union; the right of each State to manage its own local affairs (provided the Federal Union was maintained) was never questioned by the North. Whereas, in Ireland, it is just this question of local independence which is the chief point at issue. Nor can statesmen who have had practical experience of the government of Ireland approve of Lord Randolph's plan of operations. Plenty of cash, he says; but no more concessions. This system has been tried for many generations. It has sapped the industrial independence of the people; it has caused much jobbery; and it has not lessened the anti-British aspirations of a large section of the people. After Lord Randolph Churchill comes Sir Lepel Griffin, prepared to cut the tangled knot of Irish politics with Anglo-Indian decisiveness. He would “temporarily disfranchise disloyal Irish constituencies, so far as Imperial, or purely English, interests, are concerned.” This policy possesses the merit of being thorough; but it might be made with advantage more thorough. Instead of drawing invidious distinctions between loyal and disloyal, why not have all the Irish M.P.'s nominated by the Crown? If the Parnell phalanx becomes inordinately troublesome in future Sessions, Ministers may be driven to some such heroic remedy as this. Lastly, we have Mr. Joseph Cowen, who is always delightful to read, but who is not always a practical politician. “Why,” he plaintively asks, “should not Ireland have Home Rule as well as the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man?” The answer has been given over and over again. The three-tenths minority, who, it must be plainly said, comprise, as regards energy and industry, the *élite* of the population, would refuse to submit to the domination of the remaining seven-tenths.

CIVIC FEASTS.—Mr. Corrie Grant has not come out well from his dispute with the Court of Aldermen. We may do him the politeness to admit that sitting in the reporters' gallery at the Guildhall banquets he truly believed that he saw Aldermen overcome with liquor; but we are not bound to credit the accuracy of his eyesight; and when he speaks of Aldermen sitting in a bemused state to administer justice in the City Courts we must plainly say that his hearers at

Ipswich were silly to believe such nonsense. Mr. Grant's offer to substantiate his charge before a Committee of Privilege is hardly less absurd than the charge itself; for Mr. Grant must be strangely presumptuous if he fancies that an honourable body of men are bound to furnish evidence of their sobriety before they can stand acquitted of his electioneering accusations. At the same time, and without any reference to what Mr. Grant has said, we may venture to submit that the City Corporation and Companies spend a little too much on feasting. When some of the old City churches were demolished it was suggested that some of Wren's beautiful towers at least might be preserved, but the Corporation alleged that they had not money enough for the purpose, though very little money would have been needed. The City cannot show a decent gallery of pictures; its Town Hall has such a poor exterior that it excites the derision of foreigners, who compare it with the splendid Civic Halls of Belgium or the handsome new *Mairies* of France. The City has not a single grand open Place worthy of the capital of the greatest Empire in the world, and the narrowness of some of the arteries of the City traffic, where blocks of vehicles occur several times a day, would be considered in Paris a disgrace to the *édifices*. We are not forgetting that the City made a liberal use of its money for the purchase of Epping Forest, Burnham Beeches, and other places of recreation, but it might have done far more than it has towards improving the appearance of the metropolis; and the various Companies might have joined in this work. We recollect a Company banquet at which all the guests received large costly boxes of *bonbons* to carry home to their wives. This Company was so rich that it did not know how to spend its wealth, and we believe there are others in the same case.

FRANCE AND CHINA.—At the present stage of the controversy between France and China it is impossible to form a definite opinion as to the chances of war between the two countries. France has steadily maintained that she means to have Tonkin, and the Chinese Government has maintained as steadily that she intends to resist the accomplishment of this design. A week ago everything seemed to depend upon the action of France with regard to Sontay and Bacninh; for the Marquis Tseng had declared that China would not permit these fortresses to pass into the hands of Europeans. Well, Sontay has been captured by the French; and any day we may learn that they have seized Bacninh. Yet there is nothing to indicate that China intends immediately to declare war. Have the Chinese meant all along, as M. Ferry asserts that they have, to recognise “accomplished facts?” Or are they only waiting for what may seem to them a convenient opportunity for the assertion of their claims? No one can tell, for Europeans still know too little about the rulers of the Chinese Empire to be able to determine with confidence when they are perfectly sincere. Of course it is to be hoped that, whatever the French may do, China will not fight. In a war with so great a Power she would inevitably be beaten, sooner or later; and the conflict would cause loss and inconvenience to every European country which has trading interests in the East. If, however, France is permitted to have her way, her good fortune will certainly be in excess of her merits. She has no real right to the territory she is conquering; and from the beginning of the struggle her treatment of China has been arrogant and altogether unwarranted. She has not even had a good excuse for her aggressiveness, since the Chinese have been perfectly willing to put an end to every evil in Tonkin of which Frenchmen can reasonably complain.

COLONIAL LIFE PEERS.—Admiral Sir J. D. Hay recommends that the Agents-General for the several colonies should be made Life Peers, so that they may sit in the House of Lords, and make their voices heard in the great Council of the Nation. The proposal is in many respects worthy of consideration. The House of Lords, at all events, ought to approve of it, as to a small extent it would place their privileges on a more popular basis, and thereby consolidate their declining influence. This, however, is but a side-issue. The real question is whether such an arrangement would help to strengthen the bonds between the mother country and the various colonies. It is quite true that as matters now are the Agents-General can communicate freely with the Colonial Secretary, but that is not the same thing as a seat in Parliament. When the American difficulties were brewing more than a hundred years ago, Dr. Franklin and other colonists who were living in London had practically the same advantages as the Agents-General have now,—they could talk and write to Cabinet Ministers. This, however, did not prevent the secession and the war which followed. If, however, the Thirteen Colonies had each had a representative in Parliament, it is hard to believe that the voices of Edmund Burke and Colonel Barré, aided by the practical knowledge of these American M.P.'s, would not have checked the obstinate folly of Cabinet Ministers. But the reflections induced by the facts stated above lead to the thought that the Lower House rather than the Upper House would be the most fitting place for these proposed Colonial representatives. The bestowal of titles would be an invidious distinction in communities which are essentially democratic. Then, supposing—a phenomenon by no means unknown—that a colony should “give” its Agent-General “the sack?” Unless it were arranged that his peerage should immediately cease and determine, he would naturally fall tooth and nail on the policy of his successor in the Agency.

The decorous dulness of the Upper House would be enlivened by passages of arms between the Earl of Woolloomooloo and Baron Wagga Wagga. Seriously, however, it would be well to have colonial representatives in one Chamber or the other, because their presence might help to dispel the ignorance and indifference now prevailing about colonial matters. The Home Secretary the other day said, “A hundred years ago the colony of Australia could hardly have been said to exist.” There never existed such an organisation as “the colony of Australia;” while New South Wales the premier colony, to which, therefore, it may be presumed that Sir W. Harcourt referred, was totally non-existent a hundred years ago, having been first settled in 1788. The daily journal from which the above is quoted also speaks of Mr. Speight being appointed “Chairman of the Commissioners of the Victoria Railway.” This is enough to make our Antipodean cousins dance with fury. It ought to be “Victorian Railways,” which makes a good deal of difference.

PATENTS.—The new Patent Office Rules, which come into operation at the New Year, illustrate the immense difficulty of protecting the works of a man's brain. To an inventor the matter seems simple enough: he has contrived a new thing, he lodges his specification, pays grudgingly a small fee which he regards as an extortion, and then expects that the State will back him up with all its might in detecting and punishing infringements. It has been argued that Patent fees are taxes upon genius, and that the poor inventor must remain an ill-used man if the Public Prosecutor will not gratuitously take up all his quarrels with mankind. But the right is not always so completely on the side of the so-called inventor. He sometimes wants to get protection for contrivances which are no inventions of his, or which differ so little from the works of other patentees that they come under the head of natural improvements. It would be hard upon a genuine inventor that he should be stopped from perfecting his own machinery by some sly fellow who should forestall him in the attempt, and yet this would happen constantly if the Patent Office did not keep a sharp look out. Under the new Rules very wide powers are given to those who desire to oppose patents, and they can be exercised after the applicant's specification has been published. The applicant whose patent is opposed must also pay a fee like his adversary; and it has been pointed out that as the applicant may have to defend his patent (before he has got it) on the question of novelty at the earliest stages of his invention, he will be under the necessity of employing first-rate counsel to speak for him before the Controller. In this there is an appearance of hardship; but it must be recollected that the public require protection as well as inventors. The Patent officials have queer stories to tell of men who have robbed inventors of their ideas, and succeeded in obtaining patents for things which were in no sense their own, and again of men who have tried to get patents for things which had long been in common domestic use. The Patent Rules issued by the Board of Trade have been drawn up after long study by officials of great acumen, and if they appear complex, too minute, and over-stringent in some clauses, this is because, unhappily, those who prepared them have had to take account of human craft and villainy in countless forms.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S FOREIGN POLICY.—The visit of the German Crown Prince to Spain and Italy has naturally led the Germans to review the whole course of Prince Bismarck's foreign policy, and it must be admitted that they have some reason to speak of it with pride. Since the establishment of the Empire his position has been so great that, if he had chosen to interfere with the domestic affairs of foreign nations, as Prince Metternich used to do, and as French statesmen have often done, he might have caused continual trouble in Europe. In this respect his policy has been uniformly dignified and of a genuinely Liberal tendency. He has assumed that the people of every country know best what is for their own interest, and so the neighbours of Germany have advanced each on its own path, as if there were no Power in the centre of Europe possessed of enormous military strength, and capable of exerting almost overwhelming moral authority. This, however, is only the negative side of Prince Bismarck's policy; it has been not less admirable in its positive aspects. The end he had to attain was the isolation of France and Russia, so that they might be unable, acting either singly or together, to attack the German Empire with even a tolerable chance of success. In attempting to secure this object, he had many formidable difficulties to contend with. Austria had been bitterly humiliated by Prussia; Italy had for generations regarded Austria as her most deadly enemy; Spain seemed to be beyond the range of German influence. How was it possible that countries so situated should be induced to work together for common aims? Yet, by courage, patience, and tact, Prince Bismarck has achieved the impossible. Germany and Austria are now so closely allied that in the treatment of foreign affairs they may almost be said to be one nation; Italy cordially supports them; Spain has become their sincere friend. Greater results than these have not been accomplished by any Foreign Minister of a modern State; and England as well as Germany has good reason to be satisfied with them, since they afford as solid a guarantee for the maintenance of peace as is conceivable in the existing condition of Europe.

SHIP SURGEONS.—Some years ago attention was directed in the columns of this journal to the unsatisfactory condition of ship surgeons; but the subject has never yet, as far as we are aware, been warmly taken up by the lay press. The medical papers have, however, often written concerning it, and Dr. Irvine has gathered together and published a number of interesting and disquieting facts. These efforts have now been supplemented by a letter in Monday's *Times* by Dr. Domett-Stone, and it is to be hoped that this communication may hereafter bear some practical result. The "disquieting facts" above referred to are to the following effect. Ship surgeons—except in a few of the leading steamship companies—are very poorly remunerated, very indifferently accommodated, and often very carelessly selected. Their "qualifications" are frequently so low that out of 141 medical officers on board Atlantic emigrant vessels only eighty would have been eligible for the most junior Poor-Law appointment. Whether the Board of Trade are to blame for not carrying out the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act with sufficient stringency, or whether the defect lies in the Act itself, we shall not here attempt to inquire. The fault at bottom probably is chargeable to the apathy of the public. People who on shore would be shocked if there was not a skilful medical man within easy reach will voluntarily shut themselves up for two or three months within what is virtually a floating prison without troubling themselves about the doctor's antecedents. The advertisement says he is "an experienced surgeon," and that is enough for them. The matter finally resolves itself into a question of pay. Freights just now are very low, and shipowners are not likely to engage skilful surgeons (which means liberal pay and good accommodation) unless passengers show themselves so eager on the subject as to be willing to pay for the luxury by a substantial addition to the price of their tickets.

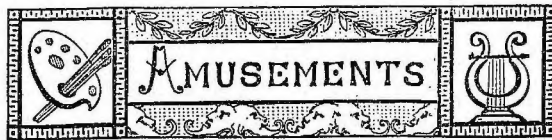
TOYS.—If the *North German Gazette* wants to pick another quarrel with France, it may find a pretext for doing so in an article which lately appeared in a Parisian paper recommending that toys of German make should be boycotted. Large quantities of the cheap toys sold in France are manufactured in Prussia, but why the French should not be able to undersell the importers of these wares is not explained. It is complimentary to this country that the journalist who proposes the boycotting does not object to English toys, for he admits that there are no rocking-horses, tricycle horses, toy engines, and steamboats like those made in England. It would seem, indeed, that each country has its speciality in the fabrication of playthings, so that all Europe must be laid under contribution to stock a good toyshop. England excels not only in the articles which we have just mentioned, but in playthings made from india-rubber, in balls of every kind, to say nothing of the instruments required for our national games. A hundred years ago, when tennis was still the favourite pastime of French noblemen, it was thought that a racquet to be good must have the mark of Blois upon it; nowadays such a thing as a French-made racquet is not to be found; and though croquet was adopted in France as soon as it was discarded here, the French are still obliged to get all their croquet-boxes from England. They surpass us, however, in the making of dolls and dolls' dresses, in fashioning animals out of cardboard, and in all mechanical toys, that is, toys which are worked by some simple contrivance other than steam. The best leaden soldiers come from Saxony, the best humming-tops from Holland; North Italy makes squeaking Punches and drumming rabbits; while Switzerland, the Rhenish provinces, and Franconia, but especially Nuremberg, have a practical monopoly of animals carved out of wood. So cheaply are these made that animals about five inches in height, and very artistically if roughly carved, are now sold in London at a penny apiece. Many of them are made in prisons. The result of all this is that little people have now a far greater variety of choice in the toys than the youngsters of former generations, and this accounts for the disuse of many playthings that once delighted boys and girls who are now grown up. The battledore and shuttlecock, the cup and ball, the big wooden humming-top, the pop-gun, and the wooden sword are almost out of demand.

TWO PRUSSIAN BILLS.—The two Bills which were submitted to the Prussian Parliament by the Minister of Finance immediately before the Christmas Vacation, mark an important stage in the development of Prince Bismarck's domestic policy. His aim is to effect so decided an improvement in the circumstances of the working classes that they may be induced to transfer their friendship from the Socialist leaders to the State in its present form. This result he proposes to secure chiefly by means of Imperial measures; but something may also be done, he hopes, by local legislation in Prussia, and he has evidently prepared with great care the financial schemes now before the Diet. At present all classes in Prussia, including persons who make no more than 21*l.* a-year, pay income tax. One of the Chancellor's Bills is designed to remove this burden from all whose earnings are below 60*l.* a year, and to impose the present income tax—3 per cent.—only on well-off people, beginning with those whose income is 500*l.* For those with incomes ranging from 60*l.* to 500*l.* the Bill graduates the income tax from 1 per cent., the lowest figure, to 3 per cent., the highest. The principle of a graduated income-tax, even within these limits, may be open to objection; but all parties agree with Prince

Bismarck in his wish to deliver the working classes from an oppressive charge. The only difficulty is to determine how the deficit which will be caused by so necessary a reform ought to be made good. Prince Bismarck's proposal, embodied in the second of the two Bills, is that the deficit should be covered by a special tax on investments. To this the Liberals vehemently object, and it certainly does seem hard that working men should be relieved at the expense of one particular class. Landowners, so far as profits from land are concerned, are excluded from the scope of the measure on the ground that they already pay what is called the "Grundsteuer;" but the "Grundsteuer" is not a tax in the proper sense of the term, and landowners are quite as capable as other people of making fresh contributions to the revenue.

AGAINST CHRISTMAS CARDS.—This is indeed an age of wonders. How our ancestors would have stared at the swiftness of modern postal transit. Here is an instance. The writer of these lines posted a newspaper in the Strand on the morning of Monday, December 24th. It was actually delivered in Highgate on the morning of Wednesday, December 26th! Think of that, ye benighted Postmasters-General of former days! Nearly five miles in forty-eight hours! It is enough to make Weston look to his laurels. A Scotch friend, who usually takes things literally, says, he disna think it was so varra quick after all. Well, speaking confidentially, neither do we. We do not blame Mr. Fawcett. We have seen him, in the persons of his much-enduring myrmidons, limping about all over London, bowed down under a frightfully swollen bag of letters. What is in these letters? Why, for the most part Christmas Cards. "Those confounded Christmas Cards, you mean, sir," growls Uncle Sinnick. "Why, only the other day they were non-existent, literally non-existent, sir, and now they are in millions. They are all over my house, like the frogs in Pharaoh's palace. They are upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber, by the dozen. Tell you what, sir. Mr. Childers must put a tax on them before next Christmas. A penny apiece. Ha! ha! that'll thin 'em out." He is rather a crabbed old fellow, this Uncle Sinnick, but then you see he has seven daughters, all very "cardy," and there is really some sense in what he says. Another friend proposes the formation of an "Anti-Christmas Card League," the members of which shall bind themselves to send out no missives whatsoever of that description. Of course, they cannot avoid receiving them, but people will soon get tired of such a one-sided game, and so the custom may be reduced within reasonable limits.

CLUBS FOR BOTH SEXES.—It is proposed to open a Hall in Marylebone early in January, on week days, as a club for young men and women of the working class. We have been hearing much about the homes of the London poor, and we know that even workmen earning good wages are seldom lodged at ease, so that pleasant social gatherings of both sexes are almost impossible among them. The men may have their institutes and clubs; but young women of the working classes have no places of assembly. As it is proposed that the Hall in Marylebone shall be used only by persons of respectable character, members will be required to pay a small annual subscription; but care will be taken to make their place of meeting as attractive as possible, and the services of ladies and gentlemen willing to aid in the work of superintendence and entertainment are invited. Among the patrons are the Rev. Sir Talbot Baker, Canon Leigh, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Courtney, and Mrs. Holman Hunt. The names of those willing to help either personally, by subscriptions, or by contributions of games, books, flowers, &c., may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Kate Thornbury, 12, Horbury Crescent, Notting Hill Gate, W. We have no hesitation in recommending this work, which, among the many schemes of well-doing calling for notice at this time, stands out as one eminently rational, benevolent, and promising.



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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the two following engravings; "LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER," from the Picture by Fred Morgan, Exhibited at the Royal Academy; and "WOMEN MUST WEEP," from the Picture by Walter Langley, Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour.



THE REVOLT IN THE SOUDAN—WITH BAKER PASHA'S REINFORCEMENTS

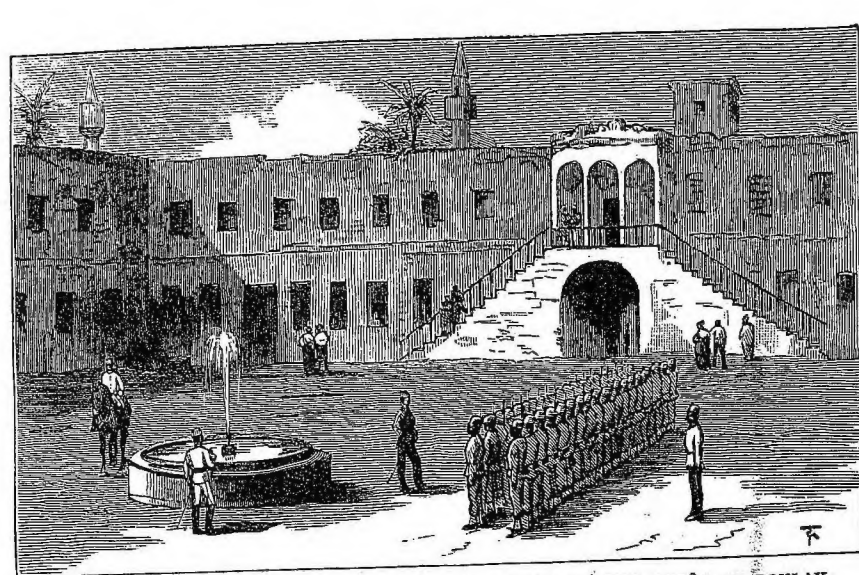
WHEN the news of the disaster to General Hicks's army reached Cairo, it was decided, the Egyptian troops being too young for service, to send the Gendarmérie to Suakim. "It was naturally supposed, and with good reason," writes Major Giles, of the Gendarmérie, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "that the reserve regiment, being composed mainly of Turks, would be the backbone of such a force. Unfortunately, evil influences had been at work with the men, and it was with horror that the news was made known that the men would not go to the Soudan. They had a certain amount of right on their side, having been promised, when they were enlisted, that they should only have to serve in Egypt, and having been made a short time since, by a special decree of the Khédive, a civil instead of a military body. However, there the matter stood—the men could not be forced to go, and the only thing that remained was to call for volunteers, and it is of these volunteers and their doings that my sketches treat."

Our engravings represent incidents on the way from Cairo to Suakim. First we have the journey in the railway carriage between Cairo and Suez. "The officers' carriage," Major Giles writes, "was a cross between a dog show and a mechanical instrument maker's shop, as, besides its natural occupants, it contained greyhounds, Irish terriers, telescopes, prismatic compasses, and field-glasses. During the transit one gallant officer occupied himself with getting his hand in for despatch writing, while another spent the time in testing the powers of a new telescope. Watering the horses at Suez had to be accomplished with no small amount of labour—no troughs were forthcoming, and only two or three buckets could be procured. Ultimately large cooking pots had to be requisitioned, and these were filled from a lighter moored alongside the jetty. The horses eagerly pressed forward for the water, as they had not had a drink for four-and-twenty hours, and had passed the greater part of that time in the train, exposed to the direct rays of an Egyptian sun."

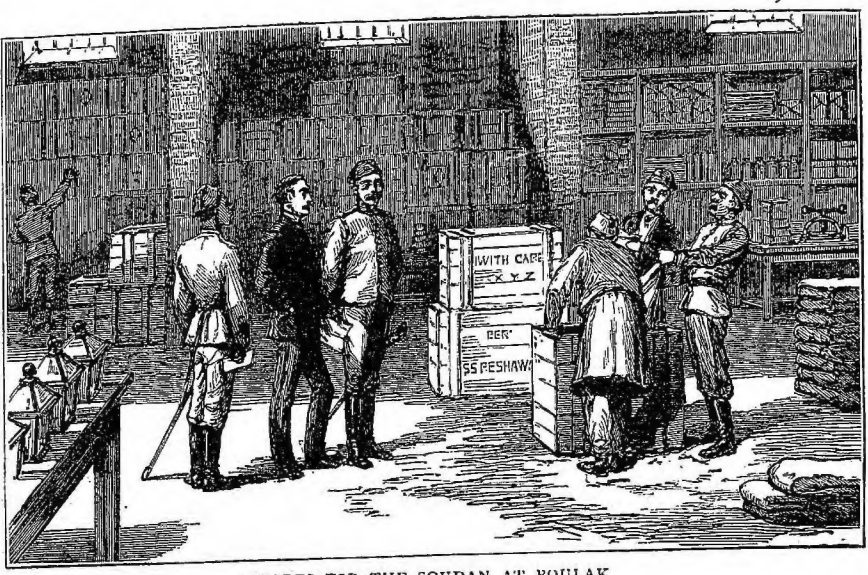
"When we left Suez we had a farewell glass with a few friends who came on board the troopship to see us off. A Turkish gentleman amongst them amused us greatly. With a laugh which would have done great credit to a Christy Minstrel 'Bones,' he said the English take 'One finger peg like this,' laying his finger horizontally along the glass to indicate the measure of spirit required; 'I take one finger like this,' he added, putting his finger vertically into the glass, and laughing again most heartily. Our 'Red Sea Pilot' was sketched as he slumbered on the bridge. The knowledge that we had such a pilot on board was probably the reason for the rejection of our friendly advances by one of our English homeward bound troopships, who, though we altered our course to approach her, gave us a very wide berth."

"A slight difference of opinion occurred between the Turks and some Egyptian cavalrymen on board as to who should water their horses first. A personal interference of the English officers was necessary before peace was again restored, the efforts of Colonel Harrington commanding the troops on board being particularly effective. 'There's another jolly row down stairs'—a remark we frequently made, as the horses, being only tied up indifferently, and, having no boarding to keep them in their places, fought with fury. How the men who separated them escaped being killed was wonderful."

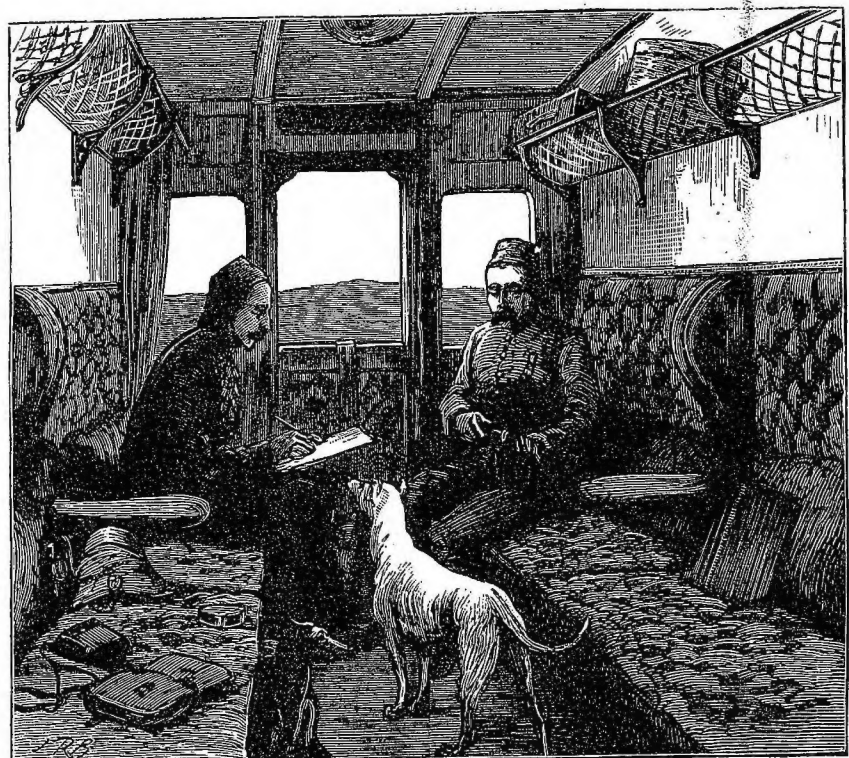
Two of our sketches represent the Gendarmérie Dépôt at Boulak. "The sudden order for the Gendarmérie to proceed," writes Major Giles, "would, it might naturally have been supposed, have thrown the stores and their director into confusion. This, however, was far from being the case; the work proceeded with the utmost regularity, and, but for the unusual number of soldiers going to and fro in charge of various materials, no one would have known that anything extraordinary was taking place. One of the sketches represents the



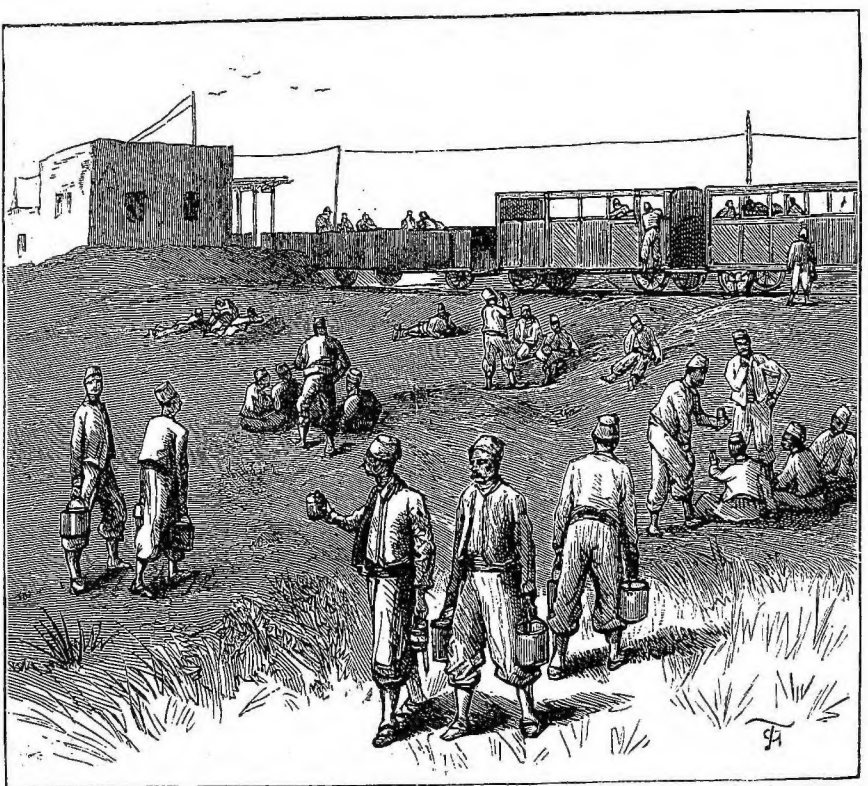
DRILLING THE GENDARMÉRIE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE DÉPÔT AT BOULAK



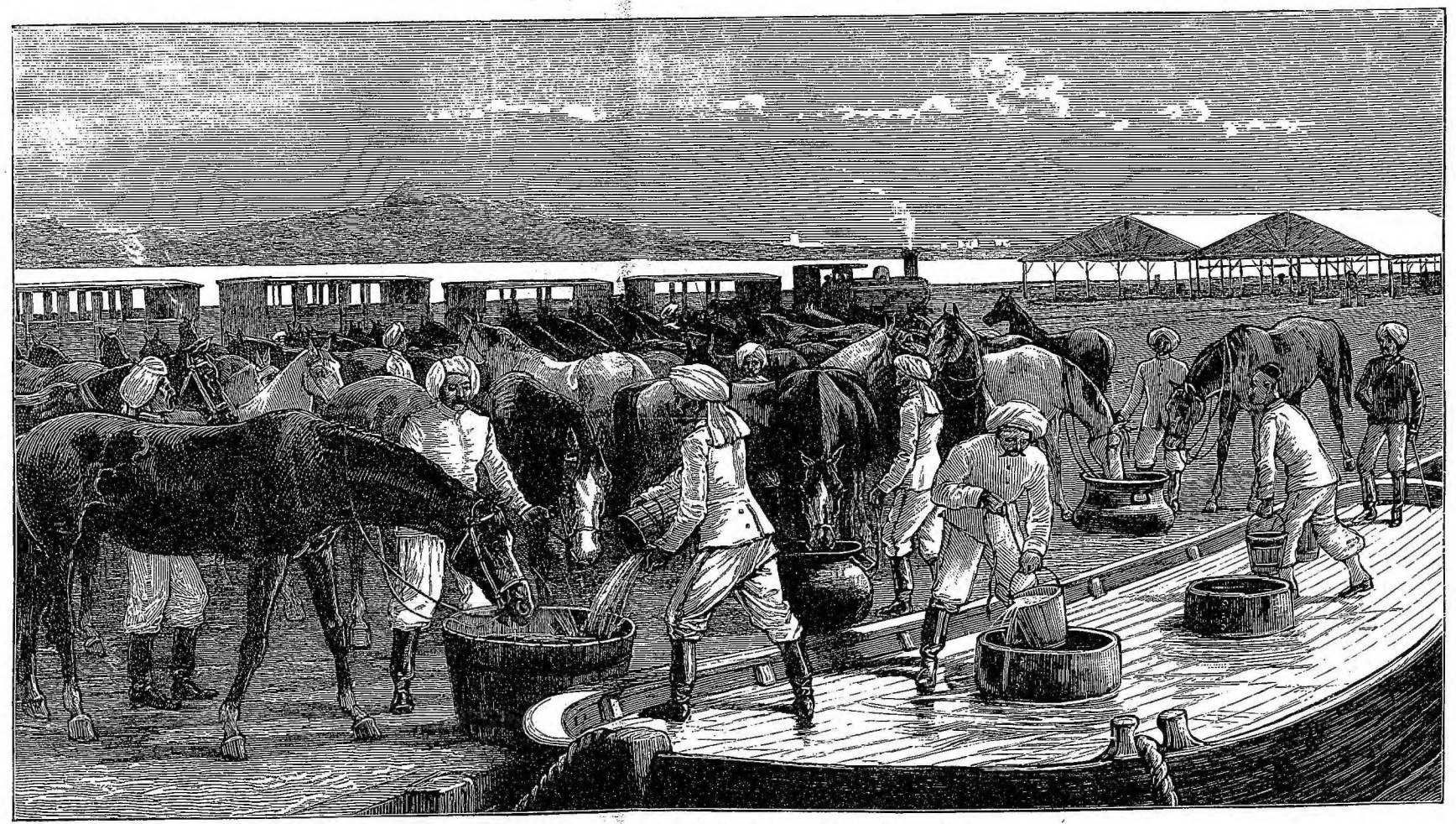
STORES FOR THE SOUDAN AT BOULAK



IN THE TRAIN "EN ROUTE" FOR SUEZ—AN OFFICER'S CARRIAGE



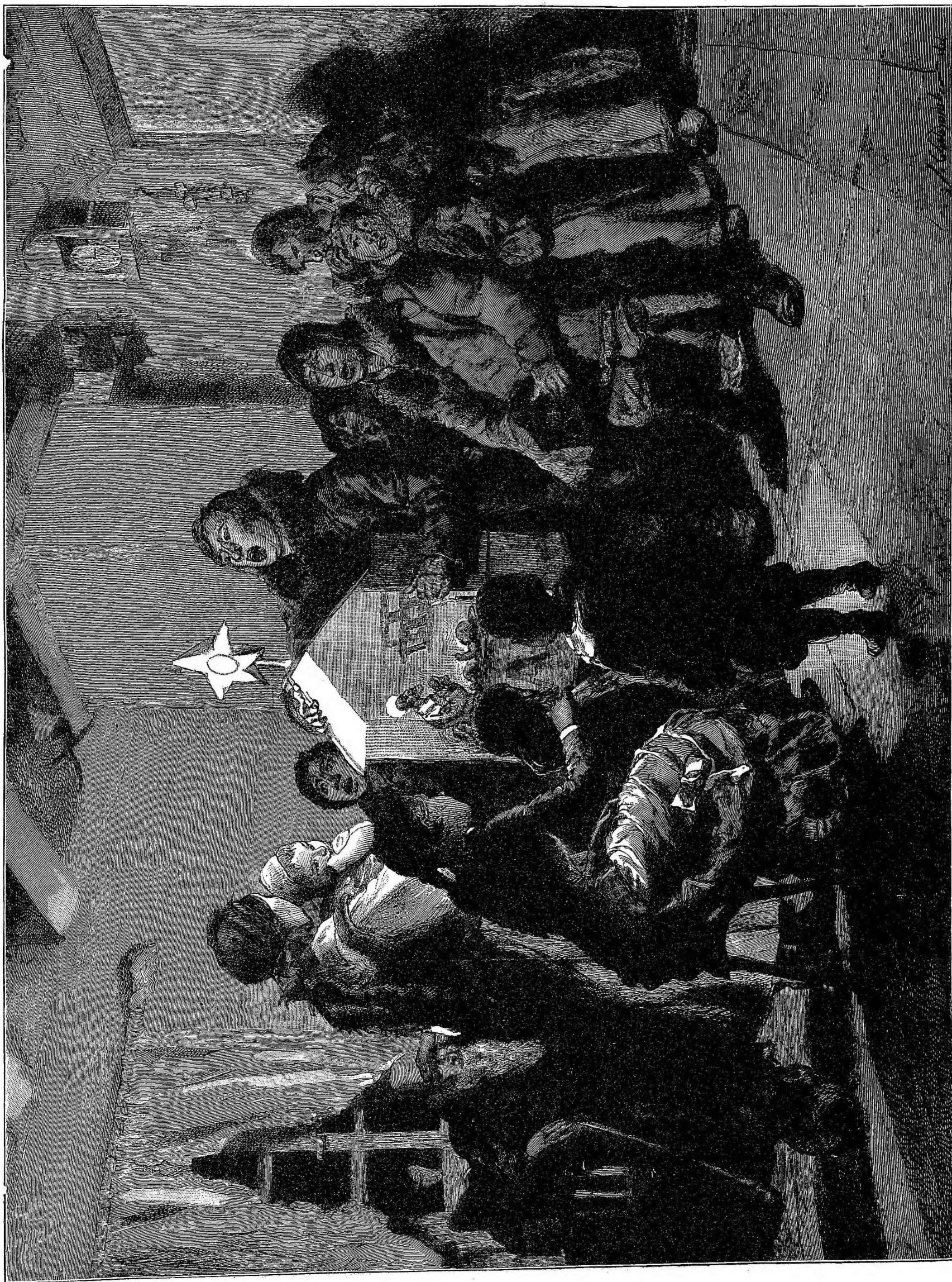
A HALT IN THE DESERT



ARRIVAL OF THE GENDARMÉRIE AT SUEZ—WATERING HORSES

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—WITH BAKER PASHA'S REINFORCEMENTS: FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ
BY TRAIN

FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE GENDARMÉRIE



SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN RUSSIA

courtyard, and the other one of the principal store-rooms. In the centre of the latter Colonel Kelly, the director, is superintending the issue of some of the miscellaneous mass of stores with which the room is filled. Anything and everything can be got there, from a pin to a sheet anchor; and this is all the more creditable, as six months ago the buildings were nothing better than a number of disused lumber-rooms, with no stores at all. To complete the equipment of 3,000 men at twenty-four hours' notice would be a strain on a well-trained establishment; but it is a strain which the newly-organised stores at Boulak have ably withstood, and the credit of this is due to the untiring exertions of Colonel Kelly."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN RUSSIA

IN Russia and Poland it is the custom amongst the peasantry to visit the houses of the landed proprietors of the district every evening from Christmas Eve till Twelfth Night. They sing a sort of canticle, or carol, called "Kolenda," showing at same time a sort of box, containing a theatrical representation of the Nativity. It is curious to note the small amount of comfort which exists in these houses, and the scene chosen by the artist gives a very truthful representation of the furniture of a rich landed proprietor's sitting-room. He is surrounded by his grandchildren, daughter, and a female servant or nurse.

MR. A. H. HOOKER

MR. AYERST HENHAM HOOKER, F.C.S., F.I.C., of Cairo, has been awarded by the Government the Queen's Gold Medal for gallantry and humanity in recognition of his services during the recent cholera epidemic in Egypt. As soon as the news of the outbreak of cholera in Damietta and the surrounding districts reached Cairo and Alexandria, there was a sudden demand for help for the sufferers. There were no European doctors who could be spared, for every day increased the terror of the inhabitants. The native doctors were useless and helpless, and every day the news grew more alarming.

Mr. Hooker, who is not a medical man, has, however paid much attention to sanitary questions, and when the terror was at its highest he volunteered to go down into the infected districts. His offer was at once accepted, and accompanied by a faithful and brave Berber servant he went at once into the Mansourah District. He went through the Cordon, and at once set to work administering remedies, and working hard at disinfection. He remained at his post saving much human life until the epidemic had spent its force, and by his mere presence rousing the natives from that apathetic despair which aggravates the mortality of such visitations in Oriental countries. His services excited great admiration in Egypt, but did not greatly surprise society in Cairo, where he had been well-known as "Emergency Hooker." He has well earned the rare distinction which Her Majesty's Government has bestowed upon him. The Medal, which is a very handsome decoration, is only awarded under special circumstances. It is never given to any one in any service under the Crown, or to any one who is acting in any department of duty for which he receives emolument. Neither is it given for any service rendered in the British Dominions. For such services the Albert Medal is awarded.

Mr. Hooker was born at Faversham in Kent on 24th of February, 1854. He was educated at the Grammar School at Marlborough, and afterwards at Stuttgart. Adopting chemistry as a profession he became a pupil at Charing Cross Hospital under Professor Heaton. He was for some time on the staff of the hospital as Demonstrator of Chemistry. About five years ago he went to Egypt. In addition to his professional work there he has contributed many able articles to English and American journals.—Our portrait is from a photograph by C. B. Lohse, Alexandria.

SURGEON-MAJOR J. A. B. HORTON, M.D., F.R.G.S.

DR. HORTON, who died after a short illness at Sierra Leone, on October 15th, in the forty-ninth year of his age, was one of the only two Africans holding Her Majesty's commission to serve on the Army Medical Staff. He was the son of liberated Africans—that is, of Africans who had been rescued from slave ships by naval cruisers—and therefore had none of the advantages of hereditary culture which Europeans possess. All that he accomplished was the fruit of his own labour. After a successful career of twenty-four years in the Army he recently retired with the rank of Surgeon-Major. He accompanied the Ashantee Expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he also single-handed stamped out an epidemic of small-pox on the Coast, for which a grateful Government rewarded him with the magnificent sum of fifty pounds! He was a man of considerable ability, with an earnest desire to develop the resources of Western Africa; he originated the scheme for the proposed railway from Axim or Bushna to Jacquah, and he was a firm believer in the success of the gold-mining industry on the Gold Coast. Not long before his death he had been nominated a Prince of Ashanti. He was connected with the Commercial Bank of South Africa, and published two works, "Political Economy for Western Africa," and a medical book on the diseases peculiar to that region. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of mourners. He has left a widow and two daughters.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Frank Haes, 19, Westbourne Grove, W.

MR. JOHN ELIOT HOWARD

THE most effective safeguard hitherto discovered against the malarious fevers and agues which prevail in marshy and especially in tropical countries is the Peruvian or Jesuit's bark, in its modern form of quinine. The late Mr. John Eliot Howard, the scientific chemist and quinine manufacturer, who died on the 22nd November, did more than any other man in extending the production of this all-important drug. Mr. Howard, who was born December 11th, 1807, was the son of Mr. Luke Howard, F.R.S., a well-known meteorologist in his day, and from him he probably inherited his love of scientific research. He passed a long life of active usefulness. His diligent investigation of the history of febrile alkaloids led in 1858 to his purchase at Madrid of a manuscript by Pávon, and of a collection of specimens of Peruvian bark obtained by that botanist in Peru. The result, in 1862, was the publication by Mr. Howard of a magnificent work on the subject of quinine-bearing trees. When Mr. Clements Markham introduced the cultivation of cinchona plants from South America into India, Mr. Howard gave him the most valuable assistance, without a thought of recompense. He also undertook the laborious analysis of barks grown in the plantations in India, and furnished a series of reports, which have been invaluable as guides to the cultivators. In 1869 he published another costly work, "Quinology of the East India Plantations," which has also been of essential use to all who are engaged in cinchona cultivation. In October, 1873, Mr. Howard received the thanks of Her Majesty's Government for "his zealous aid in furthering the success of cinchona cultivation in British India." Mr. Howard was the author of numerous pamphlets and papers in pharmaceutical journals, but his interest was by no means confined to quinology. He took a deep interest in the general progress of science, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of numerous other scientific bodies. Many persons, Indian planters, men of science, and others will gratefully remember Mr. Howard's kindness and liberality, and his readiness to give aid and advice.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Co., 187A, Piccadilly, W.

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' MEMORIAL AT ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

THE ceremony of unveiling the memorial windows in Rochester Cathedral, to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Royal Engineers, who were killed in action or died from disease in the South African campaigns of 1878-81, in the Afghan campaigns of 1878-80, and in the Waziri Expedition of 1881, was performed by Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., on the 19th inst.

There were present on the occasion the Bishop of Rochester, the Dean of Rochester, Lord Chelmsford, and a number of officers of distinction. As the Engineers wore full-dress uniform the cathedral presented an impressive scene.

The religious service began with the grand processional hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," after which Colonel Sir John Stokes, President of the Memorial Committee, called upon Lord Napier to unveil the windows, which up to that time had been hidden by the Royal Standard. This is the incident depicted in our illustration. His lordship having unveiled the windows, the guard of honour presented arms, and the choir sang Handel's anthem "The Trumpet Shall Sound."

Lord Napier then addressed the assemblage, paying an eloquent tribute to the brave men who were that day commemorated. The window to the left is dedicated to Colonel A. W. Durnford, who was killed in endeavouring to cover the retreat at Isandlwana in Zululand; that to the right is to Lieutenant Henn, who with eleven Bombay sappers checked the advance of the Afghan army at Maiwand, and fell bravely fighting. The central window commemorates the services of various heroes who fell either in battle, or from sickness and hardships during the campaign. "These brave soldiers," said Lord Napier, "gave their lives in the very pride and prime of their youth and manhood, having left their employment in science and art, rejoicing to draw their sword in their country's service. Right well have they earned their country's gratitude. It is therefore right and meet that their names should be here inscribed in this sacred building amid the community among whom they sojourned, and in view of their brother officers and soldiers who are proud thus to honour them and to preserve their memory."

The Dean of Rochester then formally accepted the custody of the memorials; the Bishop of Rochester delivered an appropriate address; and the ceremony concluded with a hymn.

FOXHOUNDS AT HOME

"THE kitchen," writes the artist, "shows the boiler and the two coppers, one of which is used for meat and the other for making 'the pudding.' In my sketch the 'feeder' is ladling the pudding into the pail before emptying it into the troughs, where it is kept until wanted."

"The feed" takes place when the hounds come in from their run, but the pack which remains at home is fed in the early morning. The huntsman, arrayed in his long 'kennel-coat,' lets the hounds in at the door while the feeder is employed in stirring the food. Fox terriers feed with the hounds, and appear to experience some difficulty in getting their share, owing to the depth of the trough. Hounds are taken into the exercising ground twice a day, morning and afternoon. Sometimes when coming in from exercise the foot-bath is pushed in front of the gateway by which they enter, and the hounds driven through. The salt and water with which it is filled are supposed to be beneficial to their feet. Very often the brine will get at a wounded foot, and cause the hound to limp, when he is at once noted by the huntsman, who institutes an examination of the damaged member."

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

Few tourists who include Scandinavia in their yearly programme ever visit Norway in the winter; and yet, to judge from M. du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," there seems plenty to interest and to amuse the traveller. To begin with, Norwegian home life naturally differs greatly in winter and in summer. During the short period of daylight, however, which is allotted to dwellers in that latitude there is practically as much out-door life when the snow lies thick and hard on the ground as during the more genial season. It is the great school time for the peasant children, who in summer are in a great measure released from their lessons to assist their parents in their farming operations, but who have to study hard during the winter months, going to and from school on their snow-shoes or sleighs. Then, again, there is no lack of out-door amusement, as sleigh and snow-shoe races form a great feature of the fairs and festive gatherings which are periodically held in various districts. Of the sleigh races we need say little, but the snow-shoe sports present greater novelty. One of our sketches represents a Norwegian snow-shoer coming full speed down a snow hill, much after the same fashion that a Canadian tobogganer flies down a Montreal ice hill. The Norwegian snow-shoes are unlike those used by the North American Indians, and M. du Chaillu tells us are far superior for speed and comfort, requiring no spreading of the limbs. Those used in a mountainous or wooded country are the shortest—six to seven feet in length, the longest those of Jemtland, from fourteen to sixteen feet. They are made of fir wood, about one-third of an inch thick at the centre, which is the thickest part, and four or five inches broad. The under part is very smooth, with a narrow furrow; both ends are pointed. The ascent of hills is made in zigzag fashion, and is hard work for those not accustomed to it, but it is most difficult to descend steep hills. The two feet must be parallel, and close together, and the snow-shoer must have a long stout staff as a rudder or guide. Jumping in snow-shoes is frequently practised in Norway, where children learn by leaping from a bank some seven or eight feet high.

JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT SCOPUS

THE general view of Jerusalem is from a point between the Mount of Olives and Mount Scopus. It was from the last height that Titus made his first attack on the city. Beneath is seen the Garden of Gethsemane surrounded by a high wall. It is about seventy paces square. In it stand the seven venerable olive trees supported by props and stones, and said to be contemporary with Christ. They are certainly of immense age. Farther to the south we have a glimpse of Siloah. The Kedron flows (when there is any water), at the bottom of the ravine—the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Outside the Jaffa Gate (west) a new town is springing up, and the view of Jerusalem from that point is certainly disappointing, but from the east (Mount of Olives) the Sacred City presents a most imposing appearance, probably much the same as in the time of the Crusades. On the extreme right of the view is seen the Lions' Gate, commonly known as the St. Stephen's Gate. Further south is the Golden Gate, now bricked up, and above it the Mosque of Omar on the site of the Temple, to the Moslems the holiest place next Mecca. Formerly it was a perilous matter for a Jew or Christian to enter its precincts, but now a pass from the Consul ensures admission. Our young Princes were, however, only enabled to visit the Mosque at Hebron through a special firman of the Sultan, backed by a strong guard, the people of Hebron being much more fanatical than in Jerusalem. Immediately under the walls are a multitude of tombs of the True Believers, who desire to rest in the shadow of the walls of the city, which they also deem holy. Beyond the multitude of dome-like roofs, peculiar to the city, we discern the Tower of David, the citadel near the Jaffa Gate. The Mosque to the south is that of Aksa, and in the distance beyond we can make out the Jewish Synagogue and the great Armenian

Monastery. The purple dome a little to the left of St. Stephen's Gate is that of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. Peter Toft.

"LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER"

MR. FRED MORGAN has selected for his picture one of the most popular episodes from that ever-fascinating book, "The Old Curiosity Shop." Nell and her grandfather have parted from their friend the schoolmaster, leaving him still holding the hand of his dead pupil, and have trudged forward on their aimless journey. They arrive upon a common, and on the border of this common they perceive a caravan drawn up to rest. It was a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the windows, and window-shutters of green picked out with red. And then the travellers further perceive a stout lady in her bonnet, seated beside the caravan and partaking of her tea on a drum covered with a napkin. It is almost needless to add that this stout lady was the renowned Mrs. Jarley, the sole proprietress of Jarley's Waxworks, and that within a few days Little Nell was intrusted with the responsible post of going round with a wand, and indicating the various characters in the show to the assembled visitors.

"WOMEN MUST WEEP"

CHARLES KINGSLEY's famous lines have been very sympathetically interpreted by Mr. Walter Langley. The scene depicted is all the more suggestive because so much is left out of sight. We do not see the waves breaking white over the harbour bar, or the fishing boats in the offing hurrying homewards. All that is visible is the interior of a fisherman's cottage, and two women. But their attitude, and the verse printed beneath, are sufficient to explain everything. The different pose of the two figures deserves note. The elder woman has witnessed many a tempest, she therefore looks forth through the window with anxious but undaunted eyes. The younger woman dares not look, but her imagination conjures up all that is terrible as she covers her face with her hand and presses her baby closer to her breast.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 645.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS—FINISHING TOUCHES

WE are in the extemporised green room, and the play is about to begin. Those who have taken part in amateur performances are aware that finishing touches are urgently needed. The wig gets awry, the moustache hangs vertically over the lip, the stocking works down over the ankle. Happy indeed is the company to whom none of these mishaps occur after the curtain is lifted. In farce or burlesque such accidents do not matter much, they intensify the fun, but in tragedy or genteel comedy they are terribly embarrassing. It sometimes happens that the audience, who have hitherto remained stonily silent and apathetic, suddenly begin to giggle and titter. For a while the innocent performers attribute the mirth to the admirable *verve* and point with which they are delivering the dialogue of Mr. Albery-Robertson-Byron-Pinero; but, alas! it presently becomes apparent that the laughter is due to a different cause. A portion of somebody's dress has got into the wrong place, and he or she is quite unconscious of it till aroused by the merriment of the spectators. Such an incident is very trying to amateur nerves, and therefore we cannot be too careful to make sure that all is taut and trim before leaving the snug harbourage of the green-room for the shelterless ocean of the stage.



MIST, DEEPENING INTO FOG, seems to have been generally the meteorological characteristic of Christmas Day. For the inmates of the metropolitan workhouses and hospitals Christmas fare was, as usual, provided, and in many cases amusements for the children.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANCY OF BERKSHIRE, vacant by the death of the late Earl of Craven, has been conferred on the Marquis of Ailesbury.—Mr. Horace Walpole, C.B., younger son of the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, has been appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State for India.

REPLYING TO A EULOGISTIC ADDRESS, accompanying a service of Derby porcelain presented to him by the Liberal working men of Derby, Mr. Gladstone contrasted the development of the English china manufacture through private enterprise with that of the same industry on the Continent, where it has been fostered by Government aid. Passing to politics, he deprecated, after the experience of the past, apprehensions as to the results of a further extension of the franchise. But he spoke as if the time for the introduction of a New Reform Bill was by no means fixed, and he dwelt with significant emphasis on the impropriety both of legislating in a hurry and of prematurely determining the order of legislation. It might have been inferred from what he said that, in regard to reform, nothing more had been decided on than that a measure extending the suffrage is to be introduced during the lifetime of the present Parliament.—Speaking the same day at Oldham, Mr. Herbert Gladstone was of opinion that both a County Franchise Bill and a London Municipality Bill could be considered next Session, and he expressed his approval of Mr. Forster's suggestion that the latter measure should be referred to a Grand Committee.

IN A TRENCHANT AND ELABORATE SPEECH to his constituents, Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P. for Newcastle, took a comprehensive survey of the political situation at home and abroad. Egypt, he predicted, we would keep, because the interest of both countries forbade us to relinquish our hold on it. The self-government enjoyed by our chief colonies he wished to see conceded to Ireland, because Home Rule meant improved union, not separation. He hoped that the Suffrage Bill would include Ireland, and not redistribution. As regarded redistribution, he favoured breaking up the larger into smaller constituencies, each returning one member. But social, not political, reform, he thought, would be the occupation of the future. In this connection he protested against that undue interference of the Government with individual action which would make us, he said, a State-controlled, law-pampered people, without initiative or resource.

COMPLETING HIS ORATORICAL TRILOGY at Edinburgh, Lord Randolph Churchill chose Ireland for his theme. To lower the franchise in Ireland, he said, was to facilitate the Repeal of the Union, and if we lost Ireland we were done. The Tories, unlike the Government, were not prepared to yield an inch to the Irish party in this direction, and therefore the Tories deserved support. We owed the Irish something for our former misgovernment of them, and we ought to be lavish of our money in developing the resources of Ireland, but our answer to the Irish cries for the Repeal of the Union should be an unchanging, unchangeable, and unanimous "No." The American South had asked for State rights, the North knew that to grant them would be fatal to the Union, and if, like the North, England fought the matter out she would, in the renewed youth of the Empire and in the re-established vigour of the Union, reap a rich and rare reward.

BY A MAJORITY of 386 votes over Dr. B. W. Richardson, Sir Richard Cross has been elected Assessor to the Council of the University of St. Andrew's. The contest seems to have had little or no political significance.

ONE OF THE RESULTS of the Ward Elections in the City was the signal defeat at Farringdon Without of Mr. Corrie Grant, who during the recent electoral contest at Ipswich made himself conspicuous in his support of the Liberal candidate by his denunciations of the Corporation of London. At many of the Wardmote meetings speeches were delivered strongly condemning the project of a new London Municipality.

AT A MEETING of the Medical Officers of Health a paper was read, and a discussion ensued, on the defects of the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Acts. Among several suggestions made to simplify and expedite the operations required for the destruction of houses unfit for human habitation was one for the establishment of a central authority, to which reports on such matters should be made. It was also proposed that there should be a periodical cleansing and repair, when needed, of all houses in the metropolis rented under 20*l.* and of all common lodging-houses, and that, as the worst house property was also the most highly rented, that Medical Officers of Health should be empowered to decide what is a fair rent.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA delivered an interesting address on the progress of engineering before presenting the certificates awarded to the students of the School of Practical Engineering at the Crystal Palace, one of the recipients being his own son. Lord Napier spoke of the projected Firth of Forth Bridge as an astounding work, remarking at the same time that its principle was the same as that of the rude bridges constructed by the inhabitants of the mountain border lands of Northern India.

BY 333 TO 253 THE RATEPAYERS OF BATTERSEA have decided not to adopt the Free Libraries Act. Thus, in a population of 120,000 or so, only 586 persons took the trouble to vote on one side or the other.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS of foot-and-mouth disease for last week showed a decrease, compared with the previous week, of 162 infected places and of 1,707 infected animals in the United Kingdom. But during the week there had been 486 fresh outbreaks of the disease.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK records the death of Lady Louisa Percy, sister of the Duke of Northumberland and of Lady Hatherton; of Colonel Edward Chaplin, aged 41, brother of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and formerly M.P. for Lincoln; of the Rev. P. C. Wodehouse, aged 44, formerly Chaplain at Hampton Court Palace, and only last January appointed Vicar of Teddington; of Mr. John Wertheimer, aged 65, a printer in London known for the excellence of his typographical reproductions of Oriental texts; and of the Hon. Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton, in her seventy-fifth year. Mrs. Stapleton-Bretherton inherited all the wealth of her father, a successful mail-proprietor, who became a large landowner. Devoting much of it to charitable objects in connection with the Church of Rome, of which Communion she was a zealous member, and providing a home and Church for Jesuits expelled from Germany in 1873, she had conferred on her by Pope Pius IX. the title of Marchesa. She was twice married—first to Mr. William Gerard, and secondly to the Hon. Gilbert Stapleton, brother of the late Lord Beaumont.



THE grand Christmas pantomimes produced this year for the delight of holiday folk on the great stages of DRURY LANE and HER MAJESTY'S are matters too important to be dismissed in few words on the brink of going to press, not to speak of the pantomimes brought out at houses of a less distinguished rank. For the present, therefore, we must confine ourselves to the task of recording the facts that the numerous audiences—Drury Lane holds on these crowded occasions something like four thousand spectators, all told—who witnessed the launching of these really marvellous productions were certainly provided with an abundant feast of merriment, and an even more abundant display of picturesque scenery, spectacle, and pageantry. Of Mr. Blanchard's *Cinderella* it must suffice to say that the author's fluent verse and luxuriance of puns and topical allusions lost little of their point even amidst the buzz and murmur of pleasure which fills the house on these annual occasions; that Miss Kate Vaughan's first appearance secured a tremendous reception; and that the grand procession of heroes and heroines of fairy tales afforded infinite delight to the eye, and not a little pleasure by the exercise of the faculties which it furnished when each new-comer challenged recognition as a more or less familiar personage of our story-books. At Her Majesty's good-tempered satisfaction was equally characteristic of the multitude assembled to witness the first performance of *Little Red Riding Hood*, and the more so, perhaps, because of the sensible determination of the librettist to set forth the old simple legend without any of that confusion of incidents or adulteration of details in which the pantomime writer dealing with fairy tales has too long been wont to indulge. The tasteful scenery and costumes, the genuine fun of opening and harlequinade, the prettily-designed ballet, the singing of the children's choruses, and the unbounded popularity of the Vokes family—not to speak of other popular features—render it pretty safe to predict that the performances of *Little Red Riding Hood* at Her Majesty's will not be behind its great rival in securing the patronage of holiday audiences. Miss Victoria Vokes takes the part of Red Riding Hood, and plays it with even more than her usual store of bright vivacity. Her brother Fred, first as the Lover Prince and next as the Wolf, dances as vigorously and as bewilderingly as ever, while Mr. T. Powers, as his Attendant, plays in a genuine vein of broad comedy. As at Drury Lane, there are a number of children employed on the stage, and a chorus of fat boys is inimitably funny—in fact, the great hit of the pantomime—of which, by the way, one of the most amusing scenes is a grand combat between Red Riding Hood and the Wolf.

From time to time the appearance of some popular American performer, or performers, in London serves to remind us that there is a style of comic acting which, though extremely popular in the United States, is altogether unsuited to the tastes of English playgoers. Speaking generally, its characteristics may be said to be a considerable amount of extravagance and noisy activity, combined with a plentiful lack of genuine humour and a total absence of refinement. Sometimes this dramatic commodity is imported in wholesale quantities, as in the case of an American company who appeared at the OLYMPIC Theatre some time since in a piece called *Fun on the Bristol*, and in that of another American troupe which, under the direction of Mr. Edouin, were playing at the AVENUE Theatre last summer. At other times the essential features of this form of entertainment are centred in a single performer who is recognised in the United States as eminent in his way. Thus there appeared lately in London a little lady known to her countrymen as Minnie Palmer, who, though she modestly chose for her *début* a suburban theatre, has since appeared at *matinées* at the Gaiety, and is now, to the dismay of well-wishers to the English stage, contemplating a further exhibition of her pert vulgarities at the STRAND Theatre. Miss Palmer, it seems, regarded

on the other side of the Atlantic as an excellent copy—but, after all, only a copy. Her original is Miss Lotta Crabtree, affectionately known by the simple appellation of "Lotta." This lady made her first appearance on Saturday evening at the OPERA COMIQUE Theatre, which has been opened with this special object by Mr. Harry Jackson. *Musette*—the title of the piece in which Miss Lotta appears—is a senseless compound of old-fashioned melodrama of the rural-domestic sort, with farce of an equally old-fashioned, noisy, and witless description. Something, therefore, must be allowed for unfavourable conditions; but the most indulgent eye could discover little in Miss Lotta's performance in the part of a saucy, elfish gipsy girl to justify the claims set up on her behalf. The spectacle of a girl in short frocks and white drawers talking slang, and alternately addressing everybody about her in a vein of impudent familiarity or defiance—vaulting on to tables, twisting and twirling her legs and arms, gathering up her short skirts and kicking her heels into the air, and so forth, was evidently repugnant to an audience who came in the hope of being amused, but very quickly discovered that their prospect of amusement was at an end. Under these circumstances it needed only the one or two *coutrremps* which are rarely absent on these ill-starred occasions to produce an uproar. Altogether the scene on Saturday evening was somewhat disorderly. Nor is there, we fear, much hope of retrieving the disaster by the promised appearance of "Lotta" in the character of Little Nell and the "Marchioness" in "The Old Curiosity Shop." "How," it may be asked, "can a people who have hailed with delight the beautiful and essentially delicate style of Miss Mary Anderson be equally prone to admire Miss Lotta and her 'copy'?" The answer is that the Lottas and the Mary Andersons are alike idolised in the United States, but they are not idolised by the same classes.

The revival of *A Scrap of Paper* has restored animation to the ST. JAMES'S, where the somewhat weak American play, entitled *Young Folks' Ways*, has enjoyed but a brief and a feeble existence. The comedy is a curious example of M. Sardou's lighter vein, turning as it does almost entirely upon a search, always near success but constantly failing, for certain letters calculated to be compromising to a lady's reputation. Now and then serious—indeed, even tragic—business appears to be at hand; but the dramatist is speedily found to be laughing in the face of his audience, and showing that nothing is further from his thoughts than any serious intention. There are few other writers besides M. Sardou who could venture on this perilous ground and come off with success. Mrs. Kendal's impersonation of the character of Susan Hartley is too well known to playgoers to require any commendation; and hardly less is to be said of Mr. Kendal's admirably cool and self-possessed performance of the part of Colonel Blake. Mr. Hare's Dr. Penguin is, on the other hand, a new assumption, marked by all that excellent actor's artistic feeling. The revival is preceded by a little piece, clever in idea and admirable in dialogue, written by Mr. Theyre Smith, and entitled *A Case for Eviction*, the leading characters in which are satisfactorily sustained by Miss Linda Dietz and Mr. George Alexander.

The reopening on Saturday of the newly reconstructed ALCAZAR Theatre in Holborn, under its latest name of the INTERNATIONAL, was not fortunate in the piece chosen for production on the occasion. *Mispah*, by Mr. Benjamin Sykes, sets forth a long story of wicked Socialists, dynamite plots, and persecuted worthies; but its terrors only awakened laughter, and its tediousness finally wore out the patience of the spectators. The house is handsome and commodious, and the abolition of stalls is calculated to be popular with those excellent judges of dramatic entertainments—the piffites. Great pains have been taken by the owners to comply in full with the Lord Chamberlain's requirements; and the facilities for egress from all parts of the house are now probably more complete than in any other London theatre. It is to be hoped that Miss Dinorben, the new lessee, will ere long find herself in a position to turn the talents of her company to better account.

The NOVELTY Theatre reopens on Saturday next, when Miss Ada Cavendish will here resume her original character in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama, *A New Magdalen*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Augustus Harris has taken the pantomime in hand this year, and has chosen our old friend *Blue Beard* for his theme. Like those at Drury Lane and Her Majesty's, the pantomime is far freer than usual from music hall slang and topical allusions obscure to the infantile mind, while there is plenty of genuine comic knock-me-down fun so dear to children. Considering the limited stage accommodation the scenery is admirable—a stormy seascape and a hall in Blue Beard's castle being especially noteworthy. Blue Beard is no Music Hall miss, but a good stalwart villain—Mr. J. H. Milburn; while his servant, Shacabac, is very funnily played by Mr. John D'Auban. Miss Annie Poole also makes a capital Fatima, while Mr. Russell Craufurd is Sister Anne. We must not forget Jumbo Junior, a grand stage elephant, who, under the skilful guidance of Messrs. A. and H. Lupino, is highly amusing, and dances break-downs with elephantine grace and vigour. The harlequinade is in the hands of the Martinetti Family, and furnishes a good finish to a good opening.

THE GRAND THEATRE.—Messrs. Holt and Wilnot are to be congratulated on the success of their first pantomime, which was produced on Wednesday at this theatre. It is entitled *Jack and the Beanstalk*; or, *Harlequin and the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington*, the *Fairy Queen*, the *Magic Bean*, and the *Wickedest Giant that Ever was Seen*; and the veteran, Mr. Frank Green, deals with the old nursery story in an effective manner. The story of the opening deals with the plots made against Jack by the Giant, who is eventually slain by the hero. In the *dénouement* the lovers are taken by the good Fairy to see the "Home of the Birds of Paradise," forming the grand transformation scene. This is followed by an old-fashioned harlequinade, supported by Mr. J. M. Jones, as clown; Messrs. Lemaire and Sevans, as pantaloons and harlequin respectively; and Miss Amy Lucile as columbine. The piece is well written, and some of the characters really funny. Miss Elsie Phyllis is a sprightly Jack, and Miss Bertie Stokes a charming Bailiff's Daughter. The Giant has a faithful representative in Mr. J. C. Howard. The whole is produced under the personal superintendence of Mr. Clarence Holt.

The *Crimes of Paris*, produced some weeks since at the Surrey, was on Christmas Eve transferred to the OLYMPIC Theatre. The play is well cast and provided with adequate scenery. Mrs. Chippendale, Miss Alma Murray, Miss Laura Linden, Mr. Philip Beck, Mr. Younge, and Mr. Somerset all did their best with conventional parts; and a melodrama like this, thick with incident and excitement, and of a healthy moral tendency, ought to find a considerable audience among the large number of West End theatre-goers.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—As usual, on Boxing Day, the afternoon and evening performances of this famous minstrel troupe was witnessed by overflowing audiences. An excellent programme was provided. In the first part of the programme, which—except for the quaint queries and conundrums of the "corner-men"—may be described as purely musical, there was a good selection of ballads, pathetic and humorous, old and new. Mr. T. Spull, with his *basso profundo* voice; and Mr. C. E. Wilson, with his *falsetto*; Mr. Walter Howard and Mr. G. W. Moore in two new comic ditties, "The Lodger and Mary Ann" and "Hurry, Little Children," were specially noticeable. Then followed the more dramatic portion of the entertainment, great delight being afforded by "The Four Christmas Roses," "Singing in the Alabazam Army," "The Charlestown Blues," and "Something about Nothing." Of course, Mr. Ernest Linden, as an operatic *prima donna*, elicited peals of laughter.



A SPARROW is building its nest already near Kingsey, Bucks, owing to the mild season.

THE LATE VIENNA ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION, although a great scientific success, proved very unremunerative, there being a deficit of 6,000*l.*

CATCHING TARANTULAS is a regular branch of trade in some parts of California. The insects are suffocated with gas, then stuffed, dried, and fastened to a card, when they sell for two shillings a piece.

FAMILY PORTRAIT FANS form one New Year's novelty across the Atlantic. Affectionate mothers have the likenesses of their children, elaborately dressed in fancy costume, painted on the fan by some popular artist.

A WATER FAMINE seriously threatens Vienna. The lack of rain and snow has so diminished the supply of water brought into the town from the mountains by the fine aqueduct erected a few years ago that all superfluous taps have been sealed up, and the population are rigidly restricted in their consumption.

CRITICISM OF ROYALTY is a dangerous thing in Bavaria, where an unlucky journalist has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for having in an article expressed regret that King Louis allowed himself to be seen so seldom. The verdict declared that no person has a right to criticise the King's actions.

POOR PUSS'S COAT is largely used in America for fur linings, and doting mistresses perpetually mourn the loss of some favourite mouser, stolen for his handsome sleek skin when taking his evening rambles. Last year over 1,200,000 house cats were used by the fur trade, black, white, Maltese, and tortoiseshell skins being in most demand.

THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at the Crystal Palace will be opened on St. George's Day, April 23rd, and there seems every prospect of most foreign countries being fairly represented. There will be a display of foreign and British pictures, and on the opening day a cantata will be performed, specially composed by Sir George Macfarren.

RESCUING A SUICIDE seems rather a thankless task in Germany. A waiter in one of the hotels at the well-known picturesque spot of Rolandseck, on the Rhine, recently hanged himself, but was cut down in time by one of the guests. Now the ungrateful waiter is suing his preserver for undue interference, and for damages sustained by the unauthorised cutting of the rope—which happened to be a new one.

AN INTERESTING SOLDIERS' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION has been opened at Lucknow, the sixth of its kind. The exhibits are very varied and numerous, ranging from machinery, carpentry, metal, and leather work to printing, paintings, and photography, while needlework is contributed by the soldiers' wives and children. The native corps are particularly encouraged to exhibit, and their contributions are very good.

KING THEEBAW OF BURMAH is becoming quite a reformed character, according to the Rangoon correspondent of the *Times of India*. He seems to have sown most of his wild oats, and to be devoting himself energetically to State affairs, while he has in a great measure given up drinking brandy to excess. This last improvement is said to be due to the recent birth of a daughter, instead of a son and heir, as the Queen, who has thus disappointed her husband for the fourth time, used to ply Theebaw with brandy, but has now completely lost her influence.

A TORNADO-PROOF HOUSE has been built in Minnesota, U.S.A., by a rich banker, to satisfy his wife, who lives in perpetual dread of such visitations. All the corners are acute angles, and the sides sink back into other angles, giving this architectural freak the shape of a star, while the corners are made very sharp, so as to split tornadoes. From the highest point of the roof the gutters sink suddenly, forming great depressions. The cellar walls are unusually thick, and the timbers of the house are anchored in these cellars, so that the building may not be blown down without rooting up the foundations.

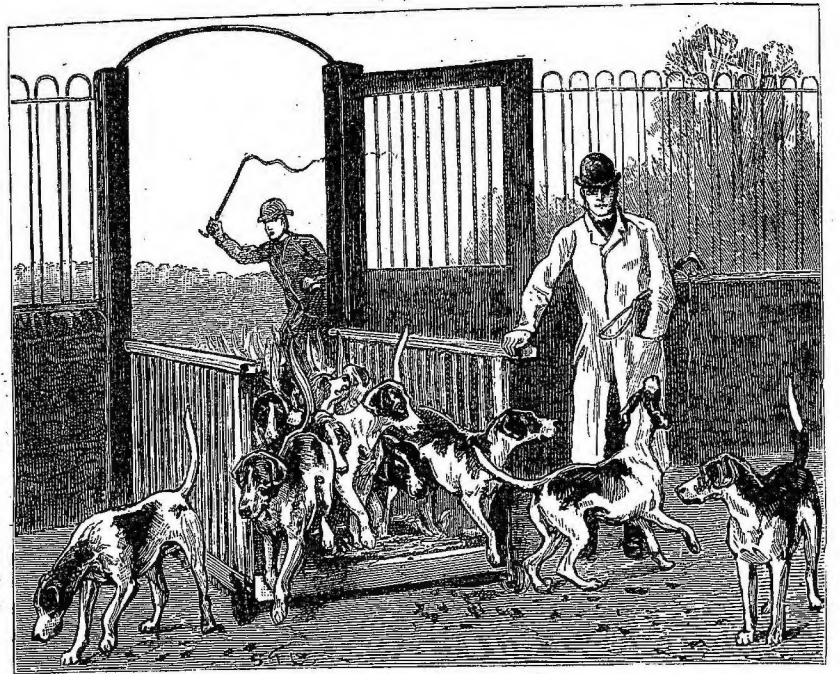
THE REMAINS OF THE PARIS TUILERIES still lie about in confusion, and cover the Place de Carrousel, waiting for the chief portions to be distributed amongst the State Museums and Parks. Some of the finest fragments are being used for a building on the Trocadéro, close to a handsome archway constructed from remnant of the old Hotel de Ville, others are to be erected in the Luxembois bourg Garden, the Monceau and Buttes-Chaumont Parks, or housed in the Cluny Museum. But the State is dilatory in removing its property; and though the demolition began months ago, pillars, bas-reliefs, damaged statues, iron work, &c., are heaped all over the site of the old Palace, side by side with rough wooden sheds, run up for the workmen, &c.

THE DANGERS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT are constantly brought home to the Americans in very forcible style. Recently in New York some horses took fright in Fifth Avenue, and in their flight knocked down an electric light post, trailing the wire on the pavement. A moment later a carriage passed by. The horse stepped on the wire, received the whole current through his body, and fell dead, all the lights of the Avenue going out. Just after another horse came up, trod on the wire, and dropped dead, like the first animal. The police, seeing something was wrong, stopped further traffic, so that no further casualties occurred. Fortunately it was a stormy night, and few people were about, otherwise a crowd would soon have gathered round the fallen post, trampling over the wire, and so probably causing further fatalities. This accident further supports the arguments against erecting the wires in the streets now being pleaded in a case between a New Yorker and one of the electric light companies, the plaintiff asserting that these wires materially injure the value of his property, across which they stretch. Unfortunately the case will probably not be decided on the point whether the wires are dangerous, but on the question whether the stretching of the wires through the streets has been legalised by the Legislature.

THE LATE SIGNOR MARIO would never sing a note after he definitively left the stage, and hated the very sight of a pianoforte. Instead of music he then devoted himself specially to archaeology and astronomy, sitting up late to observe the stars, and spending hours in the Forum, watching the excavations. For the last ten years he lived in Rome, occupying a suite of apartments in the house of the tenor, Bettini, Madame Trebelli's husband, in the Strada Ripetta, on the Tiber side of the street. His rooms looked out on the river, and he had a fine view of the Castle of St. Angelo and the Vatican from his balcony, which he had arranged as a tasteful garden. Portraits and souvenirs of his artistic life filled his apartments, and one of his greatest treasures was a Prayer-book, said to have belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, whom Signor Mario claimed as a distant relative, through one of his early ancestors, the Dukes of Candia. Signor Mario remained handsome to the last, with silver-white hair and beard, and bright sparkling eyes; nor had he lost his old fascination of manner, but warmly welcomed his visitors, and kept them entertained by stories of his experiences. Almost his last words were a message to the Queen, through Mr. Cusins, and after this he passed away, when dictating his will. His library has been left to his native town of Cagliari, where his surviving sister still lives at the advanced age of 83, and his remains will be finally taken to Sardinia to rest with the other Marchesses di Candia.

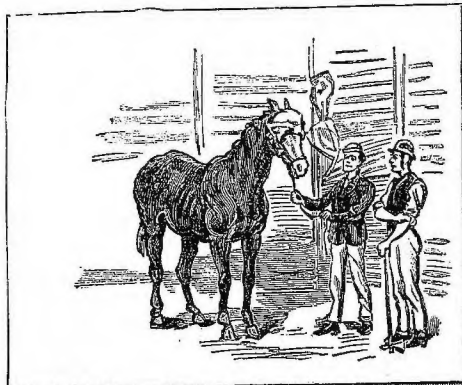


EXERCISING GROUND



COMING THROUGH THE FOOTBATH

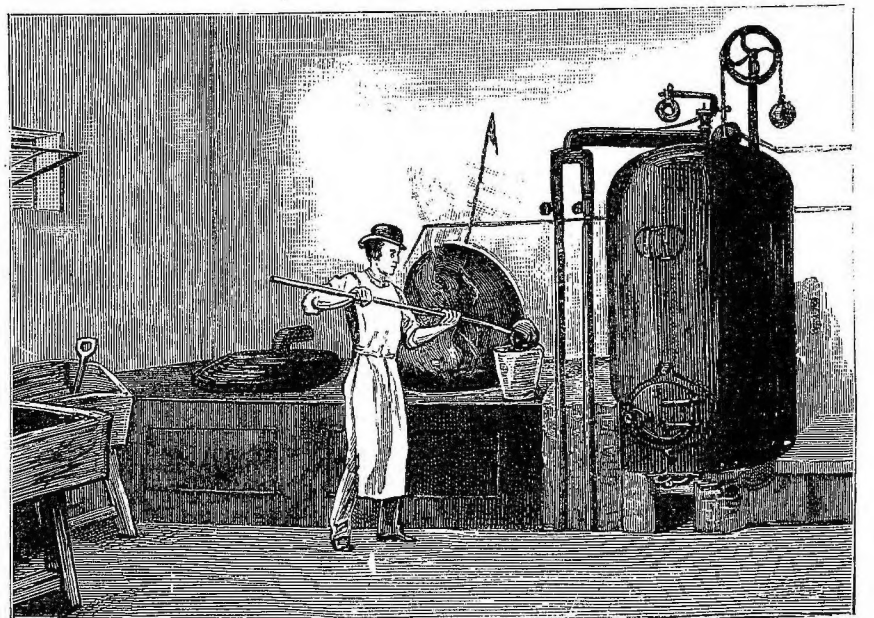
PROSPECTIVE DOG'S MEAT



FEEDING TIME



A DAMAGED FOOT



THE KITCHEN



MR. AYERST HENHAM HOOKER
Awarded the Queen's Gold Medal for Gallantry and Humanity
in Recognition of His Services During the Cholera
Outbreak in Egypt



SURGEON-MAJOR J. A. B. HORTON, M.D., F.R.G.S.
An African Doctor on the Army Medical Staff
Born 1834; Died Oct. 15, 1883



MR. JOHN ELIOT HOWARD
Scientific Chemist and Quinine Manufacturer
Born Dec. 11, 1807; Died November 22, 1883



LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA UNVEILING IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL A MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF
THE ROYAL ENGINEERS WHO FELL IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN AND AFGHAN CAMPAIGNS

In INDIA an agreement with regard to the proposed Ilbert Bill has been come to between the Government and the Anglo-Indian Defence Association. By this no native of lower rank than a

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has made an important contribution to the discussion of the proposal that a Bishop should be appointed with special jurisdiction over Anglican chaplains and congregations abroad. In a letter to the English chaplain at Berlin, his lordship has intimated that the Government refuse to create for that purpose a See of St. Helier's or of Heligoland, and are advised

The feature at Monday's Popular Concert was Schumann's Sonata in G minor, a diffuse and somewhat inchoate composition, made acceptable by the neat and unerring execution of M. de Pachmann, who, it must be owned, nevertheless, is in Schumann

less within the sphere of his sympathies than in his elected favourite, Chopin. On Saturday afternoon, which brought the series to a close, Beethoven's Septett drew an overwhelming audience to St. James's Hall, and with befitting dignity carried off the honours. The performers were Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. Holländer, Lazarus, Wendtland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; Madame Norman-Néruda played Leclair's "Sarabande," and Miss Santley was the singer. The audience were enthusiastic.

WAIFS.—M. Vladimir de Pachmann has accepted a renewed engagement for the Popular Concerts.—The Viennese critic, Dr. Eduard Hanslick, speaks highly, in his *feuilleton* to the *Neue Freie Presse*, of the new orchestral symphony by Johannes Brahms (in F, No. 3), and also very favourably of Dvorak's violin concerto (in A minor), admirably played, we are assured, by Herr Ondrick. Mr. Manns will doubtless produce both at the Crystal Palace, and they will speedily be heard elsewhere in London.



AN ORDER IN COUNCIL has appeared in the *Gazette* giving effect to the resolutions agreed to by the Judges for curtailing the Long Vacation.

THE BOARD OF TRADE has framed and issued rules and orders for the administration of the Patent Laws Amendment Act of last Session, which comes into operation on New Year's Day.

LORD O'HAGAN and LORD FITZGERALD (Lord of Appeal), who some forty years ago were students of Gray's Inn, have been invited by the Benchers of that Inn to join their body.

IN THE CASE OF CONFLICTING JURISDICTION (referred to last week in this column) where the trustees of the late Mr. Orr Ewing had been ordered by the Chancery Division to do one thing, and by the Edinburgh Court of Session to do another, Mr. Justice Chitty has directed them to appeal against the Scotch Judgment.

THE DEFENDANT in the *cause célèbre*, *Belt v. Lawes*, has declined to accept the decision by which the Queen's Bench Division refused him a new trial provided the plaintiff consented—and he did consent—to have the damages reduced from 5,000*l.* to 500*l.* If Mr. Lawes had accepted this decision he would still have been obliged to pay the enormous costs of the original trial, whereas, should the result of a new trial be a verdict in his favour, the liability for those costs would probably be transferred to Mr. Belt. Mr. Lawes disputes the power of the Queen's Bench Division to refuse him a new trial in the event indicated, and will appeal against their decision. Should his appeal be successful there will of course be another protracted trial, adding for the time being a new misery to human life.

IN THE SCOTCH HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY at Edinburgh the jury found a verdict of "Guilty" against the ten men charged with complicity in the dynamite outrages at Glasgow, but recommended leniency in the case of four of them as not aware of the full extent to which their leaders were carrying them. These four the Lord Justice Clerk sentenced to penal servitude for seven years, the others to penal servitude for life.

ON A FURTHER EXAMINATION of William Woolf and Edward Bondurand, charged with unlawful possession of explosives at Westminster, evidence was given by the police tending to show that Louis Bondurand, the prisoner Edward's brother, was known to them as an informer and a companion of swindlers, and that it was he whose information had led them to take Woolf into custody. The prisoners were committed for trial.

AFTER A SIX DAYS' TRIAL of the Mayo conspiracy-to-murder case the jury were discharged owing to their inability to agree to a verdict.



THE TURF.—After a very brief respite horses and jockeys have been at work again. Not many years ago the old tradition was kept up of suspending "cross-country" meetings at least for the Christmas week; but now it seems that the holiday makers of the season demand an outing into the country. At all events proprietors and lessees of courses within reach of large towns cater for them; and hence at Kempton Park, Four Oaks Park, Leeds, and Leicester meetings have been held during the last few days. The attendances, however, have not been very grand, owing to some extent to the foggy, damp, and cheerless weather which has dominated the country; and the events contested have been without public interest.—The Secretary of the Chester Racecourse Company has written to say that the meetings on the Roodee will continue open till the expiration of the lease they hold from the Town Council.

FOOTBALL.—Several matches in the third round of the Association Challenge Cup have recently been decided; and Notts Club has beaten Grantham, the Swifts the Clapham Rovers, the Blackburn Rovers Padiham, and Upton Park Reading.—The Oxford Rugby team has met the Glasgow Academicals on its Scottish tour, and after a hard game won by a goal to *nil*.—Up North, too, in the Scottish Association Cup contest, Queen's Park has gained an easy victory over Carville.—At the Oval there has been an exciting game between the Old Carthusians and the Old Etonians, to the disadvantage of the latter, who, however, played one man short throughout the game.

COURSING.—There has been plenty of public coursing to finish up the pre-Christmas season, but few of the meetings brought out really crack animals. Kempton was well managed on the "enclosed" system, and again the hares held their own with the dogs, and quite an average escaped to "run again another day."—At the meeting of the South of England Club at Stockbridge, the Challenge Cup was won by Mr. H. W. Smith's Head the Trick; and the Produce Stakes were divided between Mr. Burchell's Blue Pearl and Mr. Quilhampton's Quin.—The Lichfield Club had fair sport; but, as an instance of bad luck, its chief supporter, the Marquis of Anglesey, could not win a single trial with one of the half-dozen dogs he ran.—The Waterloo Cup is beginning to attract more attention, Mr. Osborne's nomination being quoted at 100 to 6, with those of Messrs. Stone, Miller, Viner, and Lea next in demand.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Weston still pursues the even tenor of his way, and by the end of this week will have completed 1,700 out of his task of 5,000 miles. He had a day's rest on Christmas Day at Kidderminster, and is now at Birmingham walking at the Lower Aston Grounds.

SWIMMING.—The last of the three matches between Beckwith and Finney at the Aquarium has been won by the latter, Beckwith giving up the contest after completing three and a half miles out of the five. Finney's performance on this occasion makes it somewhat difficult to understand how he lost the One Mile and the Two Miles

Races, as on Saturday last his time for the first mile was 26 min. 24 sec., or 51 sec. faster than his opponent's winning record, and for the two miles nearly 2 min. faster. Finney has now beaten all previous records; but Beckwith is willing to make another match with him for any distance upwards of a mile, to be swum in the Thames or any other open water. It is hardly necessary to say that this will be a much fairer way of testing the powers of the two men, as bath-swimming, with the numberless turns, is very unsatisfactory, except from the gate-money point of view.—The Annual 100 Yards Handicap, promoted by the Serpentine Club, was contested on Christmas Day morning in Hyde Park for the twentieth time, the weather being unusually favourable for cold-water bathing at this time of year. There were eighteen entries for the event, which has from time to time attracted some of the best swimmers of the day; and a most close and exciting race resulted in the victory of J. Adams, of the Zephyr Club, who had 20 secs. start, by a yard and a half.

CRICKET.—We hear from Melbourne that the team of Antipodean cricketers due here next spring will not be definitely made up till after the Inter-Colonial match between New South Wales and Victoria, which creates an intense interest in Australia.

THE LIST of "National Sports and Pastimes" seems to be gradually on the increase, as besides bottle and weight carrying, and picking up stones in pedestrian contests, we have recently had a "Two Miles Muffin-Carrying Race" at the Lambeth Baths. It was not stated in the authentic reports whether the contestants had to carry one or more buttered muffins in their mouths to render their breathing more difficult, or had to produce certificates at the post that they carried a certain number inside them, but more probably they had to carry orthodox trays on their heads with so many dozens of muffins and their congeners the crumpets, and probably the well-known bell in their hand. It has been a matter of lamentation that the art of making these accessories to the tea and breakfast table, like the art of making Bath buns, has gradually been showing signs of decadence; but perhaps their association with athletics will help to revive it.



CHRISTMAS has seldom come with more open or less cheerful weather than in this year of grace 1883. The air has been singularly heavy, making a mile walk a labour, and damping the spirits as well as the person attempting the expedition. The experience of two different generations clashes terribly over this subject of Christmas, for "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," said our forefathers; while the Registrar-General of the present day issues his heaviest bills of mortality in cold and frosty Decembers. Numbers, we suppose, tell here as in other things, and the want of warming food and fuel sends up the death-rate among the poor and weakly so decidedly as to quite overbalance any decreased mortality among the physically and financially well-to-do; otherwise the ancestral saying would appear to have the greater justification. Most of us know quite clearly when we feel in best health—on a clear, dry, frosty morning, when the trees are gemmed with rime and the ground rings merrily out under the tread; or on a muggy, close, and dark day, when a heavy moisture exudes from tree and ground, when the feet slip on the rotting roads, and the scent of decay is strong by every hedgerow and on the border of every wood. Corn has been very cheap this December, and cheap supplies of breadstuffs have aided the poor. Feeding-stuffs for our dumb companions have also been cheap, though straw and other litter has commanded a stiff price. The abundance and cheapness of potatoes have also to be chronicled.

THE CHRISTMAS MARKETS have been rather scantily supplied with cattle and sheep. At Islington only 5,940 cattle were penned, against 7,370 in 1882, and 8,000 in 1881. About 8,000 sheep were shown, the average being 10,000. At Liverpool 2,629 cattle and 4,897 sheep were offered. Wakefield was an exception to a rule of short supplies. Here 2,740 fat beasts were penned, which for the place was a large show. Prices ranged about the same as last year, except that Scotch cattle were in increased offer and favour, 6*s.* 4*d.* and even 6*s.* 6*d.* per stone being made. With respect to poultry, the supply of turkeys has been large, foreign birds at 8*d.* to 10*d.* per lb., and English at 10*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. up to about 16lb. weight, beyond which a special price, generally about 1*s.* 4*d.* per lb., has had to be paid. There has been a fair supply of ducks and geese, and a moderate supply of pheasants. From America more dead meat and fewer wing animals have been received, while from New Zealand receipts of mutton have been supplemented by cheese. Veal and pork have shown a declining tendency. In Ireland we hear that the offerings of food this Christmas have been in excess of demand.

CATTLE AND ENSILAGE.—Experiments have recently been made in feeding various breeds of cattle with ensilage, and it was curious to note that while shorthorns most readily took the food, and Herefords, blackpools, and Welsh evidently liked it, the Devons and Highlanders formed the exception. All the Channel Islands cattle took to it readily. As an instance of how "unspoiled" really good and well compressed ensilage is, it may be mentioned that the above experiments were made first with fresh ensilage from Mr. W. J. Harris's silo in Devonshire, and secondly with ensilage a twelvemonth old, and from the Viscount de Chazelles' silo in France. No difference evidently was perceived by the cattle, which ate both with equal readiness.

HEREFORD.—The local authorities of the city and county of Hereford have been successful for several years in keeping their county free from the importation of cattle disease; but, just as they were congratulating themselves upon their success, both pleuropneumonia and foot-and-mouth disease have been introduced in a very aggravating manner. The cattle which brought the disease came, some of them, from Ireland and the rest from Lancashire. The purchaser had been refused a license by the county authority, but, without mentioning the refusal, succeeded in obtaining a license from the city authority. The result is another infected area, and the closing of a very important market to all but fat stock, which must be killed before removal.

PIGS.—The increase during the past three years in the number of pigs kept in the United Kingdom is nearly 800,000. It is a paying branch of farm industry, where many branches are unremunerative. Many farmers of the new school have quite discarded the idea that any garbage is good enough for pigs. Skim-milk and rice-meal are given to the animals daily, and mashies of barley, potatoes, and other articles are also regularly prepared for them. Rice-meal, at 5*s.* 3*d.* per cwt., is very cheap just now, whereas maize, being rather dear, has sent Indian-corn-meal up to 7*s.* per cwt.

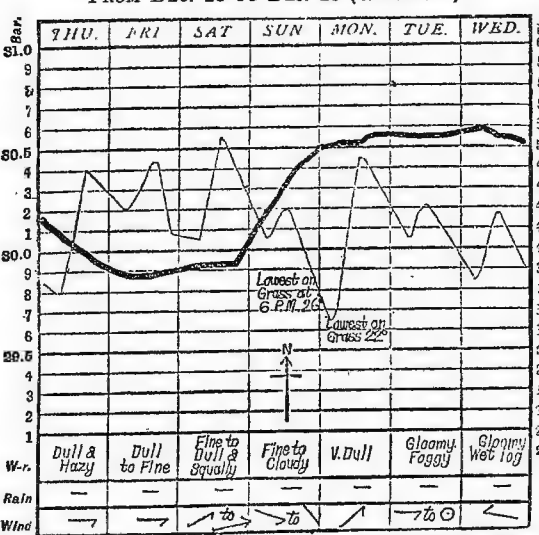
THE WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW AT DEVONPORT was a good one, well attended and well organised. A rather small number of entries (consequent upon cattle disease restrictions) was atoned for in the general good quality of what was shown. The quality, too, was more of the useful, and to tenant farmers profitable, order, than of the exhibition type, not beasts fed year after year simply for prize-taking purposes.

LIVE STOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—There were in the country in 1863 just two million horses, in 1873 there were 1,927,066, and now there are only 1,898,745. This is a serious decline, because with more riders, better farmers, and the general increase of traffic which fifteen years have seen, there should have been an increase of at least twenty per cent. in the number of horses instead of an absolute decrease. It is peculiarly discouraging to see that years of cheap provender have had no effect in stopping the steady diminution in our equine resources. Farmers would do well to turn their attention to horses, the judicious breeding of which would add to the profits of many farms. The number of cattle in the country shows an encouraging increase—it is just a million on the fifteen years. Cattle of two years of age and above, other than milch cows, show a tendency to diminish in numbers, a fact which is principally to be attributed to the early maturity which all are seeking to cultivate in the stock. If animals of the right sort are kept in a thriving progressive condition from birth, they are fit for the market at thirty months old, and weigh as much as formerly at a twelvemonth older. The phenomenal increase by one animal at the Smithfield Show, 5 cwt. in a year, indicates what is being actually accomplished in this direction. The number of sheep in the country leaves much to desire, but there has been a large increase in pigs, as stated above.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It has been decided to establish a Society for the cultivation of Berkshire pigs.—The Shropshire Sheep Breeders' Association, the Goat Society, and the Ayrshire Herd-Book Society have recently held successful meetings.—The sale of the Ripon shorthorns at Blows Hall to-day (29th December) has been looked forward to with much interest in Yorkshire.—At the Mardeloes sale of shorthorns fifty-one cows made an average of 26*l.* 16*s.*, and six bulls an average of 25*l.* 14*s.*—At Inverness Mart last week a bull broke loose, and injured many persons before it could be secured.—A Pig Show has just been held at Lincoln. About thirty animals of fine quality and size competed, and made the Show a successful one.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM DEC. 20 TO DEC. 26 (INCLUSIVE).



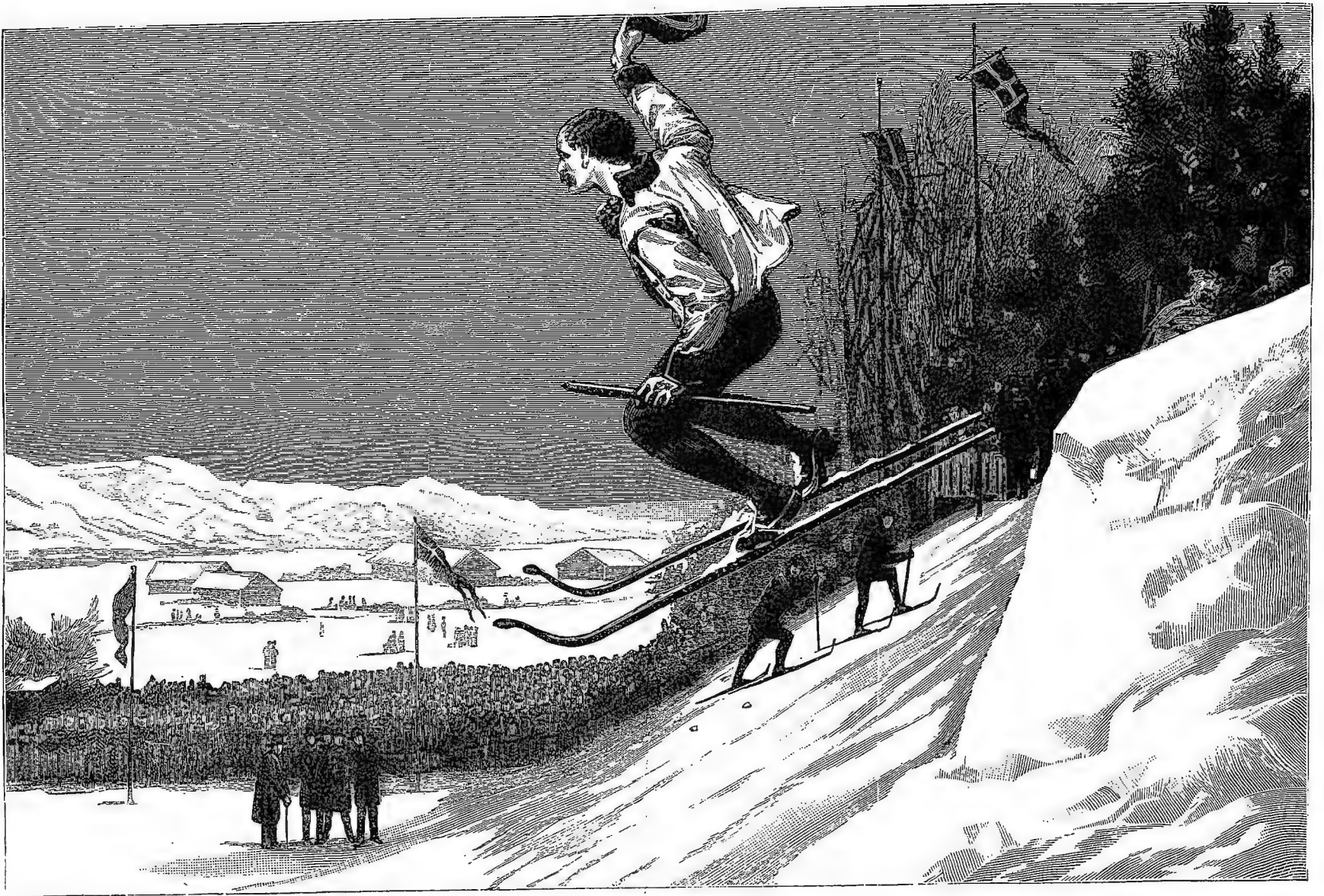
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Throughout the week pressure has been high, particularly so during the latter portion, while a practically sunless period has occurred, with the light winds and calms, accompanied by cloudy skies, mud, and fog. At the commencement of the time the barometer fell somewhat briskly, but maintained a steady level on Friday and Saturday (24th and 25th inst.), with westerly winds, while what sunshine did appear was of indifferent power. The charts for the remainder of the week showed that while the mercury was at a low level in the extreme north of our islands, anti-cyclonic conditions prevailed over France, and as the former slowly receded from our area, the latter gradually expanded southwards over England, and was attended by very dull skies and an absence of sunshine, with light and variable winds, to a damp mist and light fog, which hung persistently over England generally. Temperature has been in excess of the normal, although 10 degrees of frost were registered on the grass on Monday morning (24th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.58 inches) on Wednesday (26th inst.); lowest (29.89 inches) on Friday (21st inst.); range, 0.69 inch. Temperature was highest (51°) on Saturday (22nd inst.); lowest (33°) on Monday (24th inst.); range, 18°. No rain has fallen.

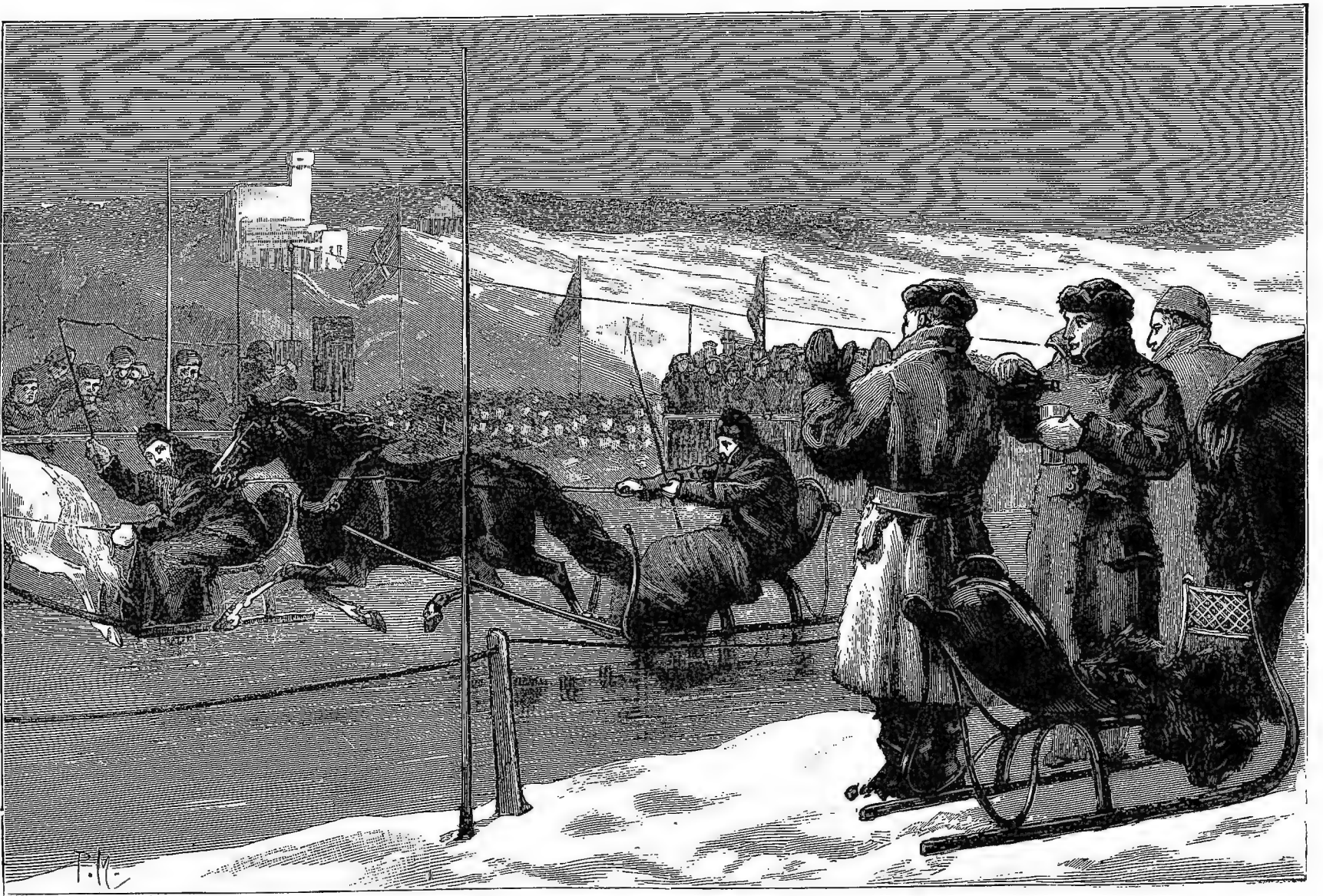
ACCOMPLISHED PIANISTS are often grievous torments to their neighbours in these days of thin house walls, and many sufferers from too much music will envy the police regulations of Bamberg, where the authorities indicted a lady who played the piano in the small hours of the night as a public nuisance.

TREE PLANTERS may be excused if they entertain a rooted aversion to the rabbit, the voracity of which is little imagined by those whose trees have not been nibbled by these creatures. Evergreens are found to escape as little as deciduous trees, while a correspondent assures us he has known a hungry rabbit eat yew, and appear all the better for the meal. In ordinary seasons, however, yew and cypress undoubtedly escape, while a more valuable timber tree, the Corsican pine, is also remarkably exempt. Wire netting is an expensive and cumbersome protection, and the favourite course now is to apply a mixture as a wash to the stems of those trees which rabbits attack. Sir Herbert Maxwell recommends, from experience in his plantations, a solution of water and quicklime mixed with cow manure. The latter not very attractive ingredient has the advantage of making the mixture of a greenish colour, and so saving the trees from the unsightly appearance of whitewash.

THE PICCADILLY ART GALLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED).—The Half-Yearly General Meeting of this Company was held on the 19th inst. at the Prince's Hall. In moving the adoption of the Report, Mr. William L. Thomas, the Chairman, congratulated the Proprietors (who consist of Members of "The Institute" and friends) on the success of the undertaking. The First Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours was visited by 40,000 persons, 25,000 catalogues were sold, and nearly 14,000*l.* worth of pictures were disposed of; the present Exhibition of the Works in Oil (now open to the public), also promises well. Mr. Thomas congratulated the shareholders on their spirited action, which had given an extraordinary impetus to the love of the refined and thoroughly English Art of Water-Colour painting. Owing to its excellent-acoustic properties the Prince's Hall was rapidly growing in favour with the musical profession, and had become a popular place of resort for fashionable balls and private parties. Referring to this subject, the Chairman stated that the Directors were very particular indeed as to the persons to whom the Hall was let. They were quite unanimous that it was both their interest and duty to sustain the high character which the undertaking had already gained. The Chairman alluded to the debt of gratitude which they owed to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in taking so great an interest in the building. He remarked that it was a matter of common notoriety that in order to succeed with any work conducing to the public advantage it was most necessary to enlist the sympathies of our most popular Prince and Princess.



SNOW-SHOE JUMPING



SLEDGE RACES

WINTER SPORTS IN NORWAY

Siloam Road to Bethlehem Mosque of Aksa Jewish Synagogue Mosque of Omar Golden Gate David's Tower Holy Sepulchre St. Stephen's Gate



Absalom's Tomb

Gethsemane

Virgin's Tomb

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF JERUSALEM FROM BETWEEN THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AND MOUNT SCOPUS

Eighteen-Eighty-Three

THE YEAR now closing has not been made memorable by events so great and so startling as those which, in 1882, culminated in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Nevertheless, it has been a year of much political activity; and the results have been so far good that, in entering upon 1884, we may at least congratulate ourselves that there is no immediate danger of the peace of Europe being broken. Some uneasiness has been created by the apparent revival of an aggressive spirit in France, but she has been able to manifest it only in distant parts of the world. On the Continent the supremacy of Germany is undisputed, and under the wise guidance of Prince Bismarck Germany has steadily pursued a pacific policy.

During the year England has been constantly reminded that in Ireland she is still confronted by problems as complicated and as difficult as any that have ever perplexed the minds of statesmen. In the internal condition of Ireland, indeed, the improvement noted at the end of last year has been maintained. Thanks in part to the working of the Land Act, but mainly to the vigorous enforcement of the Crimes Act by Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, agrarian assassination and boycotting have ceased; and such rents as landlords are permitted by law to claim are paid with tolerable regularity. There is not the faintest indication, however, that the mass of the Irish people are beginning to be reconciled to this country, or that they are grateful to the Imperial Parliament for the sacrifices it has made on their behalf. Early in the year Messrs. Healy, Davitt, and Quinn were condemned to six months' imprisonment, but it was generally admitted that the violence of their harangues fairly represented the tone of the discontented classes to whom they appealed. Mr. Parnell was recently presented by his supporters with nearly 40,000*l.*, and it is incredible that so large a sum could have been collected for such a purpose had not the Irish peasantry been as bitter as ever in their detestation of England. Some English Radicals hoped that in acknowledging the gift Mr. Parnell would take the opportunity to express a wish for conciliation; but they were disappointed. Even he never attacked England more virulently than on this occasion, and the effect of his speech was to show that his party would not be satisfied even with what is called Home Rule; that what they aim at is the severance of every bond of connection between the two countries. Fortunately, in the north of Ireland the revolutionists do not appear to have made much way. A short time ago Sir Stafford Northcote was received with enthusiasm in Ulster; and afterwards the loyal population of that province, with perhaps rather more zeal than discretion, yet effectually, resisted the efforts of certain agitators to efface the impression produced by his visit. These incidents are not likely to be forgotten, for they vividly reminded Englishmen that there are really two nations in Ireland, and that to concede the demands of Mr. Parnell would probably be to kindle the flames of civil war.—The American-Irish party, without exactly alarming England, has certainly succeeded this year in attracting the attention of the world. The "advanced" section had often threatened to avenge the wrongs of Ireland with dynamite, but no one supposed that even O'Donovan Rossa and his followers were capable of the atrocious crimes of which they talked so freely. London, however, soon received decisive proof that they meant what they said, for on the 15th of March an attempt was made to blow up the *Times* Office in Printing House Square and the Offices of the Local Government Board in Charles Street. The *Times* Office was uninjured, and no life was lost anywhere; but considerable damage was done to the Local Government Board Offices and to houses in the immediate neighbourhood. Soon afterwards a band of dynamite conspirators were arrested in Birmingham and London; and there can be little doubt that to the vigilance of the police in these two cities, especially in Birmingham, England owes her escape from a series of terrible calamities. So urgent was the need of fresh legislation as to the use of explosives that a Bill amending the existing law, introduced into the House of Commons by Sir William Harcourt, passed through Parliament in a few hours, and on the following day received the Royal Assent. It was then supposed that the danger was probably at an end, but the recent explosion in the Underground Railway demonstrated that there is even yet a fearful power in the hands of the ruffians who profess to serve Ireland by trying to murder innocent men, women, and children. It is creditable to England that in the presence of so grave a peril she has not for a moment lost her self-control; but it is anything but creditable to Ireland that the trusted leaders of the Irish people have not had a word to say against the new method of upholding "Irish ideas."—Irish anarchists have always been famous for their readiness to betray one another, and during the present year they have maintained in this respect their ancient traditions. In January a number of men were arrested in Dublin, and almost immediately several of the prisoners offered to save themselves by acting as informers. Chiefly through the revelations of James Carey, the plot which had led to the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke was at last unravelled; and the murderers suffered the penalty of their deeds. Even then, however, the world had not heard the last of the consequences of the crime in Phoenix Park, for on the 29th of July James Carey himself was assassinated on the high seas, in the *Kinfauns Castle*, when on his way, with his wife and children, to Natal. O'Donnell, by whom he had been shot, was brought to England, tried, condemned, and executed; and so, we may hope, ends one of the saddest tales even in the black history of Irish conspiracy.

Although the condition of Ireland was still so far from being satisfactory, it was felt at the opening of Parliament, on the 15th of February, that it was time to give some attention to the needs of England and Scotland. The results of the work of the Session were by no means brilliant, for in spite of the new Rules of Procedure (the most stringent of which, the Rule relating to the *Clôture*, was never applied), many evenings were spent in acrid and fruitless debate. Still, some useful measures were passed, and the system of Grand Committees was successful enough to justify the hope that it may be capable of extensive development. Perhaps the most important of the measures which became law was the Agricultural Holdings Bill, designed to secure for tenants compensation for unexhausted improvements. The Bill, although disliked by extreme Radicals and extreme Tories, may be said to have embodied the ideas of the moderate men of both of the great parties in the State. Another measure about which there was much discussion was the Corrupt Practices Bill. This Act seems to be sufficiently thorough, but it remains to be seen whether astute partisans will not discover a way of evading its penalties. In the elections at York and Ipswich it is understood to have exerted a good influence, and cabmen in the former city, who would otherwise have voted for the Liberal candidate, are said to have refused to support the representative of a party which had robbed them of the means of "turning an honest penny." An important National Debt Bill was adopted, and the Bankruptcy Bill, of which Mr. Chamberlain had charge, and which he steered with much tact through many difficulties in the Grand Committee, received general approval in both Houses. To the surprise of most people, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, but on the third reading it was rejected by a small majority. A Bill for the suppression of Pigeon Shooting was accepted by the House of Commons, but was thrown out by the Lords. One of the longest and most exciting debates of the Session related to the Affirmation Bill, in support of which Mr. Gladstone delivered an eloquent and impressive speech. For the Bill there were 289 votes; against it, 292; so that Mr. Bradlaugh is still excluded from his seat.

During the recess the chief subject of discussion in political meetings has been the question of Parliamentary reform, which was brought prominently before the notice of politicians by a conference of Liberal representatives at Leeds. A Franchise Bill is to be introduced into Parliament next Session, and the opinion of the majority of Liberals seems to be that it should not be associated with a Redistribution Bill, and that the same franchise ought to be established in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The question of the housing of the poor has also excited widespread interest lately. It was discussed in a remarkable article in the *National Review* by Lord Salisbury, whose example was followed, in a less temperate spirit, by Mr. Chamberlain in the *Fortnightly Review*. In the course of the controversy many remedies for a terrible evil have been suggested, but the most authoritative writers on the subject contend that it would be unwise to attempt fresh legislation until the facts that it would be investigated by a Royal Commission. Some of the worst districts in London have been visited by Sir Charles Dilke, who entered the Cabinet at the beginning of the year, and has commanded national respect by his administrative ability.

In the Spring Lord Randolph Churchill caused some excitement by a letter he addressed to the *Times* on the subject of the Conservative Leadership. Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Salisbury, however, retain the functions assumed by them after the death of Lord Beaconsfield; and Lord Randolph Churchill himself (who has somewhat damaged his position by his reckless speeches in Edinburgh) now acknowledges both of them as his chiefs. The practical unanimity of the Conservatives has not enabled them, apparently, to reverse the current of opinion by which they were removed from office in 1880. The Government is less popular than it was; but there is no evidence that any considerable number of politicians who voted for Mr. Gladstone at the last General Election would decline to vote for him now. The enthusiasm with which he is still regarded by some of his followers was strikingly exhibited the other day, when he was presented with a beautiful gift by the Liberal working men of Derby.

In Egypt the place of Sir E. Malet as British Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General has been taken by Sir E. Baring, and that of Sir A. Colvin as European Financial Adviser by Mr. E. Vincent. The members of the Legislative Council and the General Assembly, in accordance with the Constitution devised by Lord Dufferin, were elected in September, and the Council of State has also been appointed. In theory all this political machinery may be excellent, but in practice it is useless unless the motive-power is supplied by England. The Egyptians complain that we will neither let them alone nor give them the vigorous support without which the State cannot be reorganised after Western models; and the accusation is just, for since the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir was fought Mr. Gladstone has hesitated between two courses of action, neither of which he has had courage to follow persistently. In the Soudan the Army of Hicks Pasha, who went to suppress the rebellion headed by the Mahdi, has been annihilated; and this has led to the retention of the British troops in Cairo. Whether the troops be speedily withdrawn or not, it is becoming more and more obvious that, having helped to produce anarchy in Egypt, we are bound in honour to do very much more than we have yet done to aid in the establishment of a new and permanent system of government. As for the catastrophe in the Soudan, England disapproved of the expedition of Hicks Pasha; and Egypt will not be encouraged to attempt the conquest of a country which events have shown her to be incapable of holding.—Mr. Gladstone's Government has not been more successful in dealing with M. de Lesseps than in its treatment of the Khédive. In the Summer a movement was started in England for the construction of a new canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; but M. de Lesseps insisted that the right to carry out any such undertaking belonged exclusively to the Suez Canal Company. The British Government acknowledged his claim to a monopoly, and concluded with him an agreement by which England was to lend him for the making of a second canal eight millions, at three and a quarter per cent., in return for very unimportant advantages. The scheme was condemned both in Parliament and in the country, and had to be hastily dropped. Some concessions were afterwards made by M. de Lesseps to representative British merchants, but the present Canal is inadequate for the traffic which passes through it, and the Company still causes irritation by oppressive regulations.—While the negotiations between the Government and M. de Lesseps were in progress, Egypt was being desolated by cholera, which broke out at Damietta in June, and spread from district to district with frightful rapidity. About 27,000 persons died of the epidemic.

This has been a year of much commotion in India, the whole Anglo-Indian population having resisted the Bill introduced by Mr. Ilbert for the purpose of conferring on a limited class of native judges jurisdiction over European British subjects. Happily a compromise has been arrived at. The proposed jurisdiction is to be granted only to sessions judges and district magistrates; and in all cases accused Europeans may claim to be tried before a jury, of whom a majority shall be men of their own race. This arrangement is obviously fair, and it is much to be regretted that the suggestion did not occur earlier to Lord Ripon's counsellors.

In 1883 there has not been more, but there has not been less, than the usual amount of violence and disorder in South Africa. Cetewayo, who was at one time reported to be dead, has been driven from his country by Usibepu; and nobody seems to know whether he or his rival is to be the future King of Zululand. The Boers have been busily occupied in oppressing the native population of the Transvaal, and in carrying on irregular warfare in Bechuanaland; and delegates from the Republic are now endeavouring—in vain, it is said—to convince Lord Derby that England ought to concede to their country complete freedom of action. The only perfectly satisfactory piece of news made known about South Africa during the last twelve months has been the announcement that England intends to resume her protectorate of the Basuto tribes, who will henceforth be very much happier, it may be hoped, than they have been under the control of Cape Colony.—In Australasia the event of the year has been the attempted annexation of New Guinea by Queensland. The Imperial Government declined to acknowledge the validity of what had been done; but the Queenslanders have no reason to regret their prompt and rather ambitious action. Without intending it they may have started a movement which may result in the Federal Union of the Australian colonies; for the Australians are resolved to have New Guinea, and Lord Derby has informed them that they cannot have it unless they are prepared to take united action and to bear the costs.—In Canada, where Sir John Macdonald and his Conservative colleagues retain their popularity, Lord Lorne has been succeeded by Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General; and nothing has happened in 1883 to interrupt the growing prosperity of the Dominion.

On New Year's Day France was shocked to learn that on the previous night M. Gambetta had died. By a public funeral of great splendour the majority of Frenchmen testified their gratitude to him for the heroism he had exhibited during the Franco-German War, and for the part he had played in the establishment of the Republic. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by his death, Prince Napoléon issued a manifesto, denouncing the incapacity of Republican Governments. The Republicans were alarmed, and the Chamber was immediately invited to consider various measures directed against the members of all families who had ever reigned in France. In the end Prince Napoléon, who had been arrested, was released, and the Government contented itself with dismissing from their commands several Orléanist Princes. Meanwhile M. Duclerc, the Prime Minister, had resigned, and was

succeeded by M. de Fallières, who in his turn made way for M. Jules Ferry. At home M. Ferry has pursued a moderate and unobtrusive policy; but in foreign affairs, the direct control of which he recently assumed after the resignation of M. Challengel-Lacour, he has been more restless than any of his Republican predecessors. His principal object has been to occupy Tonkin, and to establish a protectorate over—that is, virtually to annex—the Kingdom of Annam. China has been not unwilling to abandon Annam, over which she claims the right of suzerainty; but she has steadily proclaimed her intention of resisting French pretensions in Tonkin. Since the death of Commander Rivière, who fell in May in a petty engagement at Hanoi, there has been much fighting between the French and the Black Flags; and the latest intelligence is that Admiral Courbet has captured Sontay and proposes to make an immediate advance on Bac Ninh. The Marquis Tseng lately declared that the seizure of these fortresses would be regarded by China as a *casus belli*; but it is still uncertain whether she will venture to declare war against a great European Power.—In Madagascar the French have been not less arrogant than in Tonkin. Having occupied Majunga, Admiral Pierré demanded in June that the Madagascar Government should cede certain territory to France, and pay a heavy war indemnity. This *ultimatum* was rejected, whereupon Admiral Pierré proceeded to bombard Tamatave. He acted with extraordinary insolence towards British residents, and towards Captain Johnstone, of H.M.S. *Dryad*, the deck of which was at one time cleared for action. Mr. Shaw, an English missionary, was seized and kept in close confinement for some weeks, the charge against him being that he had attempted to poison French soldiers. As Admiral Pierré died in September, it is charitable to suppose that these outrages were due to the irritability of a sick man. The French Government ultimately compensated Mr. Shaw for the hardships he had suffered, and pacified the English Government by an "explanation," the terms of which have been kept strictly secret.—In August the Legitimists had to mourn the death of the Comte de Chambord, whose dignified and upright character had won the esteem of all Frenchmen. The Comte de Paris has been recognised as his successor; but the new representative of the Monarchical idea does not pose as a Pretender, and the general impression is that, if the Republic is tolerably prudent, it has nothing to fear from his supporters.—On the 29th of September a number of persons gave themselves the pleasure of a "sensation" by hooting the King of Spain as he drove through the streets of Paris, his offence being that he had accepted from the German Emperor the rank of Colonel in a regiment of Uhlans stationed at Strasburg. By their insults the Parisians did good service to King Alfonso, who was received with universal enthusiasm on his return to Madrid. The year has been marked in Spain by several important incidents, of which the most striking at the time was a military outbreak at Badajoz, followed by a Ministerial crisis. The personal popularity of the King has enabled him to exercise a wholesome influence over political parties, and the prospects of the Constitutional system in the country have never been brighter than they seem to be at the present moment. The German Crown Prince, who returned early in December a visit paid by the King to Germany in the Autumn, was welcomed by all classes; and, although no treaty of alliance between the two countries has been concluded, Spain does not conceal that she wishes to be on terms of intimate friendship with the German Empire.

Prince Bismarck has continued to give close attention to the schemes by which he hopes to overcome the Socialist movement. In April the Reichstag passed the Workmen's Illness Fund Bill, and about the same time, at the special request of the Emperor, it voted the Budget for two years in order that it might be free to devote the whole of the session of 1884 to the consideration of measures for the benefit of the working classes. Within the last few days the Prussian Parliament has been asked to discuss two Bills, the object of which is to release poor men from the necessity of paying Income Tax, and to impose a new tax on persons who derive their incomes wholly or in part from investments. The Chancellor's semi-Socialistic measures have hitherto been defeated by the combined action of the Centre party and the Liberals; and he recognised some time ago that this difficulty could not be overcome until some approach had been made to a reconciliation between the Roman Church and the State. Hence he has striven constantly to bring the Kulturkampf to an end; and in June he introduced into the Prussian Parliament a Bill annulling some of the main provisions of the Falk Laws. The Bill, although resisted by the Liberals, was passed by a large majority. The members of the Centre party are not yet perfectly satisfied; but the recent visit of the Crown Prince to the Pope has been taken to indicate that they are not unlikely to receive further concessions. The Crown Prince went to Rome after having been in Spain, and he was received with not less cordiality by the Italians than by the Spaniards. Italy—which has been remarkably prosperous in 1883—is practically in alliance with Germany and Austria, and Prince Bismarck misses no opportunity of cultivating her good will.

Attention has been drawn to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in 1883 chiefly by Socialist riots in Vienna, by the shameful anti-Semitic movement in Hungary, and by the trial of certain Jews for the alleged murder of a Christian girl. In both parts of the Monarchy Slavonic nationalities have agitated for autonomy, the Croats in Trans-Leithania, the Czechs in Cis-Leithania, having been especially troublesome. They are loyal to the House of Hapsburg, however; and the Emperor has shown sincere anxiety to grant them as large a measure of independence as is compatible with the general interests of the Empire.

On the 27th of May the Czar was crowned in the Church of the Assumption at Moscow; and this gorgeous ceremony, descriptions of which were read by all the world, has been the foremost event in the history of the year in Russia. The Nihilists have been less active than in 1882; but they still claim that their influence is spreading, and many arrests have been made. In Central Asia Russian interests have been vigorously maintained by General Tcherniaieff; and it would be unfair not to acknowledge that Russia, whether she hopes to conquer India or not, does excellent work in the meantime in these remote regions.—Turkey has been very quiet this year, but the action of her petty Northern neighbours has given rise to occasional controversy. Russia seems to have lost ground in these States. The King of Serbia has indicated his preference for Germany and Austria by visiting Vienna and attending the Autumn Manœuvres of the German Army; and in Bulgaria, where the Constitution has been restored, a purely Bulgarian Cabinet has been formed. In Montenegro alone Russia maintains her former supremacy; and this gives some significance to the fact that in August Prince Nicholas visited Constantinople for the first time, and was received with honour by the Sultan.

The people of the United States have been hardly less interested than Englishmen in the proceedings of those Irish fanatics who have been instructing us in the political uses of dynamite. Nothing has been done by the American Government, however, to discourage these vile ruffians. In domestic politics, the prospects of the Democrats are still favourable, but there is now so little difference in principle between Democrats and Republicans that their disputes have but slight interest for foreign observers. The Tariff Bill, passed on the 3rd of March, was carried by the Protectionist party, and they would not have supported even that small measure had it not been plainly necessary to modify a protective system which produced a surplus of over \$150,000,000. America has been visited in 1883 by many distinguished Englishmen—among others, by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Henry Irving, and to all of them she has accorded a very hearty welcome.

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DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, I caught her suddenly in my arms, and kissed her forehead.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued.)

HARDLY had the door closed behind the last of them when Mr. Sotheran rose deliberately, picked up his napkin and wine-glass, and, walking round the table, seated himself beside me. "You are not, I think, very intimately acquainted with our good host and hostess," he began.

"Not very," I confessed, wondering what was coming next.

"Ah—so I supposed. Now, may I ask whether you are here by Lady Constance Milner's desire?"

"You may ask, of course," I replied, a good deal amused; "but I don't think you ought to be surprised if I decline to answer."

"I am aware," Mr. Sotheran rejoined, "that the question is—er—an unusual one. As, however, we have already had a conversation of somewhat unusual freedom with regard to Lady Constance, I will venture to repeat it. I have reason, if not exactly a right as yet, to feel some curiosity upon this point. You will remember that I told you in London that you had no chance—no chance whatever, and that I myself had a confident expectation of—er—cutting you out, if I may so express myself. Events have proved that I was not too boastful upon that occasion. I may say that Lady Constance has now as good as consented to—"

Here Mr. Sotheran's pompous flow of words ran dry, and I helped him out with—"To accept your hand and heart?"

"Well, yes; I believe I may say so. Oddly enough, she refused to give me a final answer before the 16th—that is, the day after to-morrow; and I am naturally anxious to know whether your unlooked-for arrival has any connection with her choice of that date."

"Really, Mr. Sotheran," said I, "I don't see why I should relieve your natural anxiety. The worst of refusing to answer such questions is that a refusal is generally taken for an admission;—which shows that they ought never to be put. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said when he was asked whether he was the author of the Waverley Novels—"I am not; but if I were, I should say the same thing, because you have no business to ask." I don't think I can do better than imitate Sir Walter."

For an instant a look came over Mr. Sotheran's wooden countenance which made me feel that I should not care to have him for my master; but he kept his temper well in hand. With the remark that it would be easy for him to address inquiries elsewhere, he moved to a vacant chair higher up the table, leaving me in some doubt as to whether I had scored or not. If I had been the means of causing him a little uneasiness, it must be owned that his information had done as much for me. It was now clear that Lady Constance had chosen to put me in the painful position of arbiter of her destinies, and, as I thought of it all, and of the great difficulty which I knew that I should find in hiding my defection from her, I heartily wished that I had refused Mrs. Fitzpatrick's invitation. After all, a letter would have equally well answered the purpose of

letting Lady Constance know that my prospects had melted into nothing. But it was no use thinking of that now, and I went into the drawing-room presently, only hoping that I might find some early opportunity of discharging myself of the task laid upon me.

No such opportunity, however, was afforded to me. Lady Constance was, as usual, the centre of an animated group, from which she did not care to detach herself, in spite of all my imploring glances. No one, to look at her, would have supposed that she had the smallest anxiety upon her mind; and yet it was impossible to imagine that she could be anything but anxious. When the strangers, including Mr. Sotheran, had gone away, she withdrew, and I was fain to adjourn to the billiard-room with the other men, and play pool till bed-time.

The next morning I had, of course, to go out shooting; and if, as I had been assured, my chance of being asked to Wakeworth again depended upon the number of birds that I brought down, that chance was then and there finally extinguished. At any other time I should have been mortified at having made such an exhibition of myself, but now I was only too thankful to be provided with a plausible pretext for returning to the Castle early in the afternoon. Lady Constance had not appeared with the other ladies and the luncheon, which gave me some hope that I might find her alone on my return.

In this hope I was not disappointed. After searching several vast and empty rooms, I came upon her at last, writing letters in what, from its appearance, I judged to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick's boudoir, and as soon as she saw me she laid down her pen.

"I did not expect you so early," she remarked.

"I couldn't wait any longer," I answered. "Ever since I came I have been wanting to have a word with you; but you wouldn't give me any help."

"Perhaps I didn't share all that anxiety," she said, calmly. "Well; now that you have unearthed me, what have you to say?"

"Nothing pleasant," replied I, determined to deliver myself of my evil tidings with all possible despatch. "My uncle has now finally decided that his grandson is to have the property. My cousin turned out a failure, and had to be dismissed; but he agreed to leave the boy at Thirlby to be brought up by my uncle. And so it has been settled in that way. I, of course, shall get nothing, or very little, beyond what I have now."

"You seem," observed Lady Constance, "to have played your cards very unskillfully; but I am glad to hear that my clever friend Chapman has burnt his fingers. What did he do to merit this second disgrace?"

"Oh, he made himself obnoxious in many ways," I answered; "and then, one evening, his wife treated us to a scene, in the course of which she divulged all his plots. It doesn't much matter, does it? Is that what interests you most in this news?"

For I was inconsistent enough to feel a little hurt by her indifference.

"I apologise for my thoughtlessness," Lady Constance said. "You mean, no doubt, that that is not what interests you most, and

that you would like to be assured of your formal release. You have it, of course; but I may say that you would have had it even if that erratic uncle of yours had disposed of his property in your favour."

I knew at once that I was found out; but I foolishly attempted to put on an air of surprise. "My release?" I repeated.

Lady Constance laughed; and her laugh was not altogether a pleasant one. "Do you really suppose," she asked, "that you are going to march out with the honours of war? Do you think I didn't see, before I had been five minutes in the room last night, that you were ashamed of yourself? And was it so difficult to guess the meaning of that hang-dog look?"

I could say nothing; for I was only too conscious of my inability to disguise the truth. I had betrayed myself, and I ought to have known that I should betray myself. It only remained for me now to submit to the chastisement which was my due.

"I don't quarrel with you for having changed your mind," Lady Constance went on; "indeed, I congratulate you. But don't you think that it was just a little bit unworthy of so high-minded a person as yourself to try and get your freedom without asking for it? Do you consider that your plan of leading me to suppose you still a devoted, though unfortunately impoverished, admirer of mine was quite in accordance with the worship of truth which we both profess?"

"How do you know that I had any such plan?" I was stung into retorting.

"Ah! how indeed? Perhaps that was not your plan. Perhaps you came here to inform me of your engagement to Miss Dennison."

"I came here because you told me to come," said I; "and the first thing I heard of was your engagement to Mr. Sotheran."

"I am not engaged to Mr. Sotheran."

"Nor am I engaged to Miss Dennison."

"Only going to be. Yes, yes; you are quite right; I am going to be engaged to Mr. Sotheran. But that does not exactly make us quits. I told you that I should be obliged to marry Mr. Sotheran under certain circumstances; but what you told me was that under no circumstances whatever would you marry any one but myself. I am sorry to say things which sound in such wretched taste; but I think you need a gentle reminder of the facts."

Up to this point we had both been standing; but now Lady Constance moved away towards a piano which stood in a corner of the room, and, sitting down before it, began to strike a few random chords. Presently—whether by hazard or intention I can't say—she broke into the same nocturne of Chopin's which she had played one morning at Franzenshöhe when the snow was falling. As the well-remembered cadences fell upon my ear, the whole scene came back to me. I could see again the bright little room with its masses of flowers, and the logs blazing on the hearth, and the white flakes whirling down outside; I could recall all that she had said, and how I had been nearer to being truly in love with her that morning than I had ever been before or since. Yet there was something which I could not recall; and I was half glad, half ashamed to find it irrecoverable. Perhaps it was because I felt this, and was in no fear

of losing my head a second time, that I drew near the piano and said:—

"Lady Constance, I want to tell you the whole truth. Will you listen to me?"

"By all means," she answered, taking her fingers off the keys. "Please begin."

And then I embarked upon my confession. I did it extremely badly and incoherently; but then, to be sure, no one could have done such a thing well. I told her how I had loved Maud Dennison from my boyhood; I explained as well as I could the infatuation which had seized upon me at Taormina; I endeavoured—not very successfully, judging by the ironical smile into which Lady Constance's lips slowly curved themselves—to convince her that my friendship, my admiration, and my gratitude remained unchanged. "And I never meant to tell you all this," I declared in conclusion. "I came here fully intending to say to you what I had said before, that if you would marry me upon my small income I would do my best to make you happy, and that I believed you would be happier with me than with that blockhead of a Sotheran. I would have done it, too; I would never have said a word—"

At this juncture Lady Constance astonished me by bursting into a peal of laughter. She very rarely laughed in that hearty way; I had not heard her do so more than once or twice in the whole course of our acquaintance; and this made her present merriment seem all the more strange and ill-timed.

"*Vous êtes impayable!*" she exclaimed; "there really is no English adjective that will do for you." And then she began to laugh again.

"I had no idea that I was so funny," I observed humbly.

"Of course you had not. What a pity it is that you will never be able to see the joke!" Well; go on. You were saying that you would have married me, and never allowed me to suspect your secret agonies."

I said, "I don't think I need go on. You might find the joke grow tedious on repetition."

"You ought not to grudge me a little laugh," returned Lady Constance. "Why don't you laugh too, now that you have got off scot-free, after running such a frightful risk? But, if you will believe me, I should not have consented to share your name and your small income. No; that happy lot was not for me; another has borne away the prize. My fate is to marry Mr. Sotheran, who, after all, is not such a blockhead as you may suppose. He and I came to terms in a thoroughly business-like manner. If I accept him—which I have not yet done—I am to have plenty of money and a reasonable amount of liberty; but, on the other hand, I have promised to hold no communication with members of secret societies for the future, and to discourage the advances of foolish young men. As both he and I happen to be people of our word, it is probable that we shall get on very fairly well together."

I could not help saying, "You did not always speak of him in that tone."

"What would you have?" she asked, more gravely. "I have looked necessity in the face, and I mean to make the best of it. The man has abilities of a certain kind—I can push him on—possibly I may get him into the Ministry one of these days. Ambition of some sort is an essential to me, and it is better that I should identify myself with my husband. If I have any misgivings, it is not to you that I shall confide them."

She had confided them to me already, as I well remembered. I hated to think of her being chained to this man, whom I suspected of being a bully, and whom I had once heard her call a cur; but I had lost what little right I had ever possessed to remonstrate with her, and I was aware that no remonstrances of mine would cause her to falter in her purpose. She resumed her playing, while I, moving towards the window, looked out upon the stiff parterres and terraces which surrounded the castle, and wished I could feel a little less out of conceit with myself. Some ladies were pacing along the gravel paths; a few of the men had already come back from shooting and had joined them. At any moment our *tête-à-tête* might be interrupted, and, knowing that it would be our last, I felt a great longing that we might part friends.

Prompted by this desire, I returned to the piano, and was going to speak, when Lady Constance ceased playing, and, drawing an envelope from her pocket—"By-the-bye," said she, "here is something that belongs to you. I ought never to have taken it from you. Yet, if I had not, you would have been in love with me still; so possibly I may have rendered you a service without intending it."

The envelope contained a cheque for 2,500*l.*, which I pocketed in a shamefaced manner. It was my own money; yet the receipt of it made me feel rather like a servant being dismissed with a month's wages. I felt, too, that there was more truth in her assertion than it was pleasant to admit.

"I ought never to have taken that money at all," Lady Constance repeated, a slight flush mounting into her cheeks. "I am very sorry that I did; but I thought then—"

She did not proceed to explain what it was she had thought then; though I waited some time for her to do so.

"I wonder what you think of me now?" I murmured at last.

"Do you know," said Lady Constance, looking up at me, "I wouldn't press that question, if I were you."

"Ah," I sighed, "I was certain that you were angry with me! And yet, if you only knew how little I could help myself—"

"I assure you I am not the least angry with you," she interrupted; "and I never for one moment supposed that you could help—being what you are. Do you by any chance imagine that I have fallen in love with you? If so, pray disabuse your mind of that notion."

I was really innocent of the coxcombry imputed to me; but if I had been a little older and a little wiser I should hardly have allowed myself to be irritated into making the rejoinder:—"You said once that you thought you were beginning to care for me."

Lady Constance's eyes flashed. "It seems that I spoke rather too hastily upon that occasion," she remarked, coldly. "Perhaps, after all, it would be doing you a kindness if I were to tell you what I think of you. I took a fancy to you when we first met, as I dare say you know. You seemed to me to be a nice, manly sort of boy, with a certain independence and originality about you which excited one's interest. Unfortunately, when I came to know you better, I found that you were neither independent nor original. You have no definite ideas; you don't know what you would be at; you have just intelligence enough to spoil a pleasant, stupid fellow, without making a clever one of him. I hope I speak plainly enough?"

"Quite plainly enough, thank you," answered I, summoning up the best imitation of a smile that I could produce. "I didn't expect you to flatter me."

"I am glad of that," observed Lady Constance; "for I can't very well be both flattering and truthful. I was saying that you were neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. You have no vices that I have been able to discover; but your virtues don't seem to have got much beyond the theoretical stage. You are all negatives. You think truth is a very fine thing; but you have never yet managed to face it. You will always be at the mercy of the first person who cares to tickle your fancy. What could have been more absurd than that championship of your cousin which you were so proud of?—unless, indeed, it might be your generous offer to saddle yourself with me and my debts upon an income of a thousand a year. If you had been perfectly honest with yourself, you could not have helped seeing that nothing could come out of either of these pretty displays."

"You have a right to say hard things of me," I broke in. "Perhaps I might make some sort of defence; but I won't attempt it. Only, I wish that you could say that you forgave me."

"I very much fear," continued Lady Constance, "that you will go down to your grave with the conviction that you have thrown me over. Come, I will be quite frank with you. There certainly was a moment when I was not very far from thinking that you and I were destined for one another: to be strictly accurate, I believe there were as many as two or three such moments—with considerable intervals between them. I really believed that you were sincere in your protestations, as sincerity goes, and sometimes you looked so acutely miserable that you made me ashamed of myself. It was not until that evening at the Opera that I realised what an escape I had had."

"Then why did you not dismiss me at once?" cried I. "It was a long time after that you told me you would refuse Mr. Sotheran if I could show you a certain prospect of my succeeding to Thirby."

"You are confusing two distinct things," replied Lady Constance calmly. "When I spoke of an escape, I meant that I had escaped the possibility of loving you. Marrying you in preference to Mr. Sotheran was quite another question."

There never was the slightest use in my trying to conceal my thoughts from Lady Constance. She went on now in answer to what I had not said:—"Oh, you have had an escape, too—no doubt of it! Nevertheless, it is not to the loss of your property that you owe your escape. I certainly should not have married you against your wish; but you yourself know so little what your wishes are, that I may be excused for having felt some uncertainty upon the point until I saw your face last night. After that you were perfectly safe. And now," concluded Lady Constance, "I think I have been explicit enough to satisfy anybody."

For my own part, I could have been satisfied with a little more ambiguity; but I only said, "Well, I have been treated with the contempt that I deserve, and there's an end of it. I hope you will not always think quite so hardly of me, though. When we next meet—if we ever do meet again—we shall be in a sort of way like strangers, and probably neither of us will care to refer to the past; but I should like to think that you forgave me."

"Go in peace," answered Lady Constance, laughing. "What you suppose that I have to forgive you for I can't imagine; but, to save time, consider yourself forgiven. As for my thinking hardly of you, I can promise not to do that, for the excellent reason that I shall very soon cease to think of you at all."

And Mrs. Fitzpatrick's opportune entrance at this moment put an end to the last private conversation that I ever held with Lady Constance Milner.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I GO TO TEA AT THE RECTORY

I WAS up and away before breakfast the next morning. It was not only that I dreaded the scrutiny of Lady Constance's cool, contemptuous eyes—though I admit that that alone would have sufficed to drive me out of the house—but I had a far stronger incentive to flight in the eagerness that I felt to lay my recovered liberty at Maud's feet. I raged and fumed at every delay, and if the exasperating intricacies of a system of cross-lines had only admitted of it, I should have rushed off to the Rectory to tell my glad tidings that same evening.

Instead of that, I had to drive up to the Hall, where I found everybody in a stir and the General jubilant, orders having at last reached him to proceed to the Crimea forthwith. In the general excitement caused by this sudden departure I and my concerns escaped discussion.

Nor was I able to hurry down to the Rectory the first thing on the following day; for the General was leaving for London by the express, and I was bound in common decency to accompany him to the station and see the last of him; but early in the afternoon I set forth at last, and though my heart began to fail me a little as I drew nearer to my destination, I was resolute against any postponement of the fateful hour.

What was rather provoking was to come upon the Rector, working in the garden in his shirt-sleeves, and I fear that I did not respond as cordially as I might have done to his hearty welcome.

"I'm obliged to look after things myself, you see, Charley," he explained. "Must look after things myself, or we should get all behind. The gardener don't like it; but he's off at Yarmouth to-day, fortunately, and I'm just taking the opportunity to do some of his work for him. My phloxes look pretty well, don't they? So the General is off to the wars, eh? I'm sorry for it on Le Marchant's account. If it had been Mrs. Farquhar, now—but that's absurd, of course. Though I do hear something about ladies going out as nurses," added the Rector, with a faint glimmer of hope.

I said I was afraid Mrs. Farquhar was a little too advanced in life for that sort of thing.

"Ah, well; I suppose so. I'll tell you what you might do for me, Charley; you might catch hold of these bits of worsted and tie them round some of the zinnias. I want to pick out a few good blooms for seed-bearers, and I'm getting so stiff in the back I can't stoop without howling. I won't keep you above a minute or two."

There was no help for it. I had to go down on my knees and set to work; and the Rector, having secured a listener and an assistant at one stroke, was in no hurry to part with him. After the zinnias had been carefully selected and marked, there were annuals to be sown, chrysanthemums to be tied up and thinned, and various other horticultural operations to be attended to; all of which tasks I performed with as good a grace as might be, while my companion interspersed his directions with a disjointed account of the workings of parish affairs and many original comments upon the recent dealings of Providence with the Le Marchant family. Some comfort I derived from the incidental information that Maud was out, but would be back in less than an hour. That being so, it was perhaps just as well that I was not called upon to forge any excuse for awaiting her return.

When at last she came she did not say much. "So you have come back, Charley," was her only greeting to me; but she smiled as she spoke, and I knew—or thought I knew—that she had divined the result of my mission, and rejoiced at it. "If only we could get rid of the Rector!" I thought.

But the Rector, good man, had no idea that he was not wanted. He said we had earned a cup of tea now (though I really don't know what he had done to deserve any refreshment), and that, as the afternoon was so mild, we would have it out in the garden. In vain I cast glances at Maud, who looked a great deal more amused than inclined to give me any help; and I was fast sinking into a state of apathetic despair when relief appeared in the form of a breathless messenger, who came to say that old Mrs. Sparrow was took very bad, and please would Mr. Dennison step over and see her, as the doctor he didn't hold out no hopes of her keeping her "conscience" through the night.

"Dear, dear!" muttered the Rector as he gulped down his hot tea, "this makes four times that Mrs. Sparrow has sent for me in a week. I suppose I must go, though. You see the sort of life that we poor parsons lead, Charley—no time to swallow our food—no time for anything! Well, there's no use in grumbling. Run on, my boy, and tell them I'm coming as fast as I can." And with that, he bustled away.

"May blessings rest upon the soul of old Mrs. Sparrow!" I ejaculated devoutly, "and may her conscience depart in peace, if it must depart! I thought this moment would never come."

"What have you to tell me?" asked Maud, with some eagerness. "Did you see Lady Constance?"

"I did," answered I; "and she rejected me with scorn, as I told you she would."

Maud looked surprised, and a little incredulous. "Really?" said she. "I did not expect her to do that. Do you mean that you are rejected absolutely and finally?"

"Absolutely and finally," I repeated, with satisfaction.

"But surely not on account of your poverty?—if one can call it poverty."

"Lady Constance calls it by that name," I answered. "She is going to marry one of the richest men in the North of England now, and she doesn't seem to mind the prospect much; though I know she used to abhor him."

"Then," cried Maud, quickly, "she is doing this because you have thrown her over."

"But I didn't throw her over," I protested. "Of course I knew all along that she would never consent to marry me upon such a pittance as I had to offer; but she told me she wouldn't have married me in any case."

"What made her say that?"

"I don't know. At least, I do know partly why she said it. As soon as I arrived she found out—she saw—oh, Maud, can't you guess what it was that she saw?"

"Of course I can guess," answered Maud, a little coldly. "She saw what any other woman would have seen in her place, that you didn't care for her any more. But I think you ought to have tried to conceal it."

"So I did," said I, feeling rather ashamed of myself; "I quite thought that I had concealed it; but she is one of those people who know more about you at a glance than you know yourself. She saw something else too," I added, after a short pause.

"What else?" asked Maud; and this time there was a distinct sound of anger in her voice, while her brows drew together ominously.

"Don't look at me like that!" I exclaimed. "I was a little afraid that you might be displeased at my speaking so soon. But then I thought you would understand—that you would be above caring whether I told you that I loved you now, or next week, or next month. Besides, you know it already. You believe that I have always loved you; don't you, Maud?"

I leant across the tea-table, which separated me from Maud, and looked into her face anxiously. She was still frowning; her great grey eyes were opened wide; it seemed to me that she was trying hard to look indignant, but could not. All of a sudden the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively; she caught her breath; finally, to my great chagrin, she turned away, and went off into a fit of irrespressible laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" I exclaimed, with some pardonable irritation; for really it was more than flesh and blood could stand to be treated in this extraordinary way upon two consecutive occasions. It had not been pleasant to be turned into ridicule by Lady Constance, but it was a thousand times worse to meet with such a reception from Maud. "This may be a joke—it may be an excellent joke; but for the life of me I can't see it," I declared.

"I wish you wouldn't make me laugh!" cried Maud, with a petulant stamp of her foot. "I don't want to laugh. I think it is horrid of you to behave in this way, and if you thought I should be displeased, you were quite right. I wish I could make you understand how—how disgusted I am! But it was rather funny of you to say that, wasn't it?" she added, with a renewed tremble in her voice.

"To say what!" I inquired.

"Why, that you had always loved me. And you looked so serious about it, too," she went on; "that was what upset me—as serious as if it had been true."

"Perhaps," returned I, with dignity, "that may be in some measure accounted for by the fact that it is true."

"Oh, Charley! have you forgotten that you wanted me to marry George Warren not so long ago? Have you forgotten all that you told me about Lady Constance in London? My memory is not so short."

"I can't help it," I answered. "I don't deny, and don't wish to deny, that I have fancied myself in love with Lady Constance; but that was nothing more nor less than a fit of temporary insanity. I can't give any explanation of what I said or did while it lasted—who can be accountable for his actions when he is not in his right mind?—but I do ask you to believe that I have never really ceased to love you."

"You ask a little too much," said Maud, drily. She had become grave again now, and had pushed her chair back, so that she was further away from me. "You must not expect to be taken seriously, Charley," she went on. "Very likely you think you are speaking the truth now; but I don't see why you should not think that something quite different is the truth in a few months from now."

"You won't believe!" I exclaimed despairingly. "You wouldn't believe long ago, when I told you that I should never love any woman but you—"

"It seems that I was right there," she interrupted.

"No, you were not right," cried I; "you were wrong! I loved you then as I love you now, with all my heart and soul. I can't love you now more than I loved you then. And perhaps, if you had given me a word of hope two years ago, I shouldn't have made such an idiot of myself as I have done."

"Can't you understand that I might not have been able to give you a word of hope even if I had believed you?"

Yes; I understood that. And yet I could hardly believe that, after this long and perilous voyage, I was to founder in port. I said nothing for a long time, half-hoping that she would speak again; but she remained silent, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the horizon. There was no sign of agitation in her face or in her attitude, and her perfect quiescence smote me with a conviction more cruel than any words could have conveyed.

"Is this to be the end?" I gasped out at length. "Is there never to be any hope for me?"

"I am sorry," answered Maud, briefly. And then she turned, and I suppose something in my face must have touched her; for she added in a kinder tone: "I am really sorry, Charley; but I can't say what you wish. You know how fond I am of you; I would do anything for you that I could—except that one thing. I don't want ever to speak about this again; so I had better say now that your coming so soon has made no difference. I think you would have shown better taste if you had waited a little longer; but my answer would have been just the same if you had."

"But you say you are fond of me," I pleaded, catching at any straw in my distress. "How can you tell that you might not come to love me some day? It seems to me as if you must—when I love you so. Won't you give me leave to try?"

"No," answered Maud firmly; "I could not love you as one ought to love one's husband. You know—"

But here she checked herself, saying, "I don't wish to hurt you."

"You need not be afraid of doing that," I answered, with a grim laugh. "It would puzzle anybody to hurt me much now."

"Well, I was going to say," Maud resumed, after hesitating a little longer, "that there is an old threadbare maxim about love being impossible without respect."

"It is not confirmed by what one sees every day," I remarked.

"Still, there must be some truth in a saying which has been repeated so many thousands of times. At all events, I think most women feel in that way."

"I doubt it," said I; "but never mind. You have no respect for me, of course."

Maud shook her head. "Not enough, I am afraid. You are too changeable. I shouldn't be happy with you; nor would you be happy with me, after the first. We must say good-bye now. I am going to Surrey to stay with the Savilles in a day or two; and I hope, when we meet again, all this will be forgotten."

"Forgotten!" I echoed; "I shall never forget and never change. But what is the good of protesting?—you won't believe me."

We stood facing one another for a few moments in silence: then, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, I caught her suddenly in my arms, kissed her forehead, and hurried away, without another word.

I turned and looked back as I passed through the gate. She was standing as I had left her, with a grave, sad face. She did not seem to have resented my momentary brutality; but, somehow, that only confirmed my conviction that she was lost to me for ever.

(To be continued)

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS II.

AMONG the numerous pictures of rustic life, English and foreign, none will attract more attention, or better deserve it, than Mr. G. Clausen's "Day Dreams" (261), which hangs at the end of the first room. By its stern realism as well as its general manner of treatment it recalls the work of M. Bastien Lepage. The comely, but very robust, and rather ungainly maiden, who is resting from her labour in the hay-field, and the ill-favoured old woman beside her, have the individuality of portraiture, all their least attractive features being delineated with uncompromising fidelity. More beauty in the girl's face, and more grace, of an appropriate kind, in her attitude, would undeniably render the work more agreeable without in any way detracting from its truth. It shows, however, in many ways ability of a rare kind. The landscape is strikingly true to nature, and in perfect keeping with the figures. The colour throughout the picture is exquisitely harmonious, and the handling masterly. Near this is a large picture (117), illustrating the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," by Mr. A. H. Burr, well arranged as regards light and shade, and cleverly painted. The attitude of the melancholy maiden, seated by a spinning wheel, is, however, unnatural and affected, and the work is pervaded by a sickly green tinge, neither agreeable nor true. A domestic scene (91), by Mr. A. Hacker, painted in obvious imitation of Mr. Frank Holl's work, displays a certain amount of undisciplined power, but is very incorrect in design, and handled in a loose and rather defiant style. Mr. Hugh Cameron's small interior with a peasant woman fondling her child, "The Pride of Her Heart" (152), is excellent alike in composition and colour; and there are many good qualities in Mr. Walter Longley's picture of an aged fisherman (701), but it wants tone, and is not so ably executed as his water-colour pictures. Mr. F. Brown's "Peasant's Cottage" (278), and "The Little Kitchen Maid," by the Dutch painter, Albert Neuhuys, are very artistic little works of the same class. Mr. W. Small's "Yorkshire Fisher Girl" (261), is true in character and cleverly painted, but he is seen to greater advantage in the portrait of "James Duncan, Esq." (11), who, with a very thoughtful expression on his face, is perusing a document. Besides the skill in characterisation which it shows, the picture is notable for its excellent keeping and its novel and unconventional mode of treatment. There is much beauty and robust grace in Mr. T. Graham's fair-haired Scotch peasant girl (599), but the execution is rather too loose and flimsy. Among other good works on a life-sized scale are a charmingly child-like portrait of "Mary Fletcher" (314), by Fritz Jansen, and a low-toned "Study of a Head" (485), by Mr. Hugh Carter. Evidence of artistic ability may be seen in Mr. Solomon's large group of an Oriental mother and child (504), but it is painted in a vague and rather pretentious style, derived evidently from the works of a certain clique of French painters. The effect is vaporous, and the forms undefined and apparently not understood.

In pictures of the sea and sea-coast the collection is very rich. Mr. H. Moore has produced nothing more fresh and breezy, or more suggestive of sea air, than his large "Off Cherbourg" (269). The varying modulations of light and colour on the moving waves are given with surprising truth and power. Vigorously painted like this, and convincingly true in effect, is Mr. Colin Hunter's "Haven from the Sea" (692). It seems to us greatly superior to his inland landscape, "Running Water" (138). In Mr. C. Napier Hemy's "A Crabber's Hole" (478), the picturesque landing-place, the water-worn rocks in the foreground, and the boats are depicted with remarkable fidelity and force, but the sky and distance are less satisfactory. Mr. E. Hayes has a large picture of "A Storm Clearing Off" (604), full of movement, and Mr. E. M. Wimperis a spacious view "At the Land's End" (165), rather thinly painted, but as true in effect and as luminous almost as his water-colour drawings. Among other noticeable works of the kind by artists who have achieved their reputation in water-colours are Mr. W. W. May's "The Medway Above Rochester Bridge" (270), Mr. J. G. Philip's "Mount's Bay, Cornwall" (460), Mr. J. H. Mole's "Tynemouth" (665), Mr. H. Carter's "Cornish Seine Boat at Anchor" (752), and Mr. J. Mogford's large "Flotsam and Jetsam" (766).

"Black Diamonds" (4) is the title given by Mr. W. L. Wyllie to a picture similar in subject and not inferior to the fine work by him which deservedly attracted so much attention at the Academy this year. The picture is painted in a firm and masterly style, and all the varying modulations of colour in the smoke and fog-laden sky, in the swirling water, and in the fleet of coal barges stretching from the immediate foreground far away into the distance, are rendered with extraordinary truth and power. In Mr. Arthur Severn's lurid and opaque moonlight study (7) the breaking waves are admirably drawn; and Mr. C. E. Johnson's large picture of a dismantled ship, "At Her Last Moorings" (34) has breadth and simplicity of effect to recommend it. Besides two other works of scarcely less merit Mr. Charles Thornely has a small river scene with a picturesque "Hay Barge" (127), exquisitely pure and luminous in tone and in perfect keeping. Near this is a picture (97) of a rock-bound bay and a fishing village, seen from an eminence, by Mr. J. R. Reid, showing very fine qualities of colour, together with a tendency, which we before noticed in his works, to secure force of effect at the expense of truth. Mr. John White, who sometimes errs on the side of exaggeration, sends a small picture (561) of a very picturesque village street, charmingly pure in colour, and treated with artistic moderation and taste. Despite a certain opacity in the sky, Mr. C. E. Holloway's view "On the Yare" (533) is an agreeable, and in the main a truthful picture; and there are many good qualities in Mr. Leslie Thompson's "Rye" and in the small study of "Berwick-on-Tweed" (543), by Mr. V. P. Yglesias. The pastoral landscape, "On the Common" (273), by Mr. Claude Hayes, is a faithful transcript of Nature, full of light and air, and admirably painted in a style that recalls the best work of the modern school of French landscape art. Mr. A. C. Sealy's carefully-studied and glowing view of "Pembroke Castle" (439) should not pass unnoticed; nor Mr. A. G. Bell's small study of "The Granite Pier, Honfleur" (673).

"Foraging in Piazza Garibaldi, Bergamo" (109), is a good example of Mr. F. W. W. Topham's skill in representing scenes of modern Italian life. The girls assembled at a marble fountain, and the soldiers carrying provisions, are distinctly characterised, animated in expression, and naturally grouped. The picture, too, strikingly true in local colour, and finished throughout with the

painter's accustomed care. "The Blue Girl" (101), by Mr. P. R. Morris, represents, on a life-sized scale, a very little girl in a blue hood, seated in a wood. The attitude of the figure and the expression of childish wonder on the face are perfectly true to Nature, but the effect is rather too vaporous—more firmness and strength of handling would greatly improve the work. It is, however, in every way superior to the weak reflection of George Mason's style which Mr. Morris calls "The Bread Winner" (643). Close to this is a broadly comic picture, "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" (706), by Mr. F. Barnard, displaying, together with some crudities, a vast amount of cleverness. The subject is, however, better fitted for a small black-and-white drawing than a large oil picture.

Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Five Minutes With the Classics," showing a gentleman of the last century so absorbed in a volume he has taken from a book-stall that he is quite unconscious of the passage of time, and of the angry impatience of the dealer who sits smoking at his door, is not less humorously expressive or less masterly in execution than the larger picture by him already noticed. Much power of characterisation, together with competent executive skill, is to be seen in a picture by a comparatively unknown painter, Mr. Lance Calkin, "A Reverie and a Dream" (734). The old Greenwich pensioner who, with a profoundly contemplative expression on his face, is smoking his pipe in a tavern with a little girl asleep beside him, is a capital study of character. The picture, too, is harmonious in colour, and is painted in a sound and simple style, without over-elaboration, but with no lack of completeness. Mr. Paul Rajon is not nearly so accomplished in oil-painting as in etching, but his picture of a French cook feeding his favourite poodles from a stew-pan, "Les Premiers Invités" (635), will well repay examination; so also will Maria Brooks's well-painted half-length of a girl with a look of pleased expectation on her face, called "C'est Lui, Toujours" (792), and Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's graceful composition in the manner of Stothard, "Fairy Tales" (731).



"POLAND—HER GLORY, HER SUFFERINGS, HER OVERTHROW," by Professor Kalixt Wolski, Member of the Polish Literary Society, Paris (London: Kerby and Endean).—"These lectures," says Professor Wolski, "were spoken in Polish on fifteen Sunday mornings of 1880." The people leaving church gathered on the grass near the edge of Lake Goplo to hear the history of their ancestors. The book is a brief narrative of the story of Poland from the times of tradition to the present day; and the evil results of elective monarchy, of the undue privileges of the nobles, and of the *liberum veto* are emphasised. There is pathos in the conviction which is expressed by the author at the close of his work that "the oppression of Poland must one day cease, and the glorious reign of justice once more prevail, and Poland once again play a brilliant rôle in the history of Europe." We have here in a handy form a review of Polish history, and that the fact of its being addressed by an exile to a subject people adds to its charm.

"Cobwebs of Criticism. A Review of the First Reviewers of the 'Lake,' 'Satanic,' and 'Cockney' Schools." By T. Hall Caine (London: Elliot Stock).—This is a very interesting collection of essays. Mr. Hall Caine recalls to our memory the fierce warfare waged by the reviewers at the beginning of this century on Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Keats, and also reminds us of the quarrels of the critics among themselves. The savage bad taste of those days is well illustrated by the following quotation from *Blackwood* (anno 1824) anent Shelley's death:—"Mr. Shelley died, it seems, with a volume of Mr. Keats' poetry 'grasped with one hand to his bosom'—rather an awkward posture, as you will be convinced if you try it. But what a rash man Shelley was, to put to sea in a frail boat, with Jack's poetry on board! Why, man, it would sink a trireme. In the preface to Mr. Shelley's poems we are told that 'his vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind;' but what is that to the purpose? It had 'Endymion' on board, and there was an end. Seventeen ton of pig-iron would not be more fatal ballast. Down went the boat with a 'swirl!' I lay a wager that it righted soon after ejecting Jack." "Cobwebs of Criticism" is uncommonly good reading.

"Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics," by Michael G. Mulhall, F.S.S., author of "The Progress of the World," &c. (London: George Routledge and Sons).—Mr. Mulhall tells us that this is the first dictionary of statistics ever published; and it certainly seems to be a valuable book of reference. The tables and diagrams of comparison, in which are shown the resources of the chief States of the world in agriculture, in commerce, in steam-power, and so forth, are interesting and instructive. It is impossible in a short notice to give any but the vaguest idea of the extent of ground covered by this author; but he supplies numerical data as to twins and triplets, camels and bicycles, wars, cattle, earthquakes, literary earnings, and so on. The work appears to be very complete.

"Readings in Rabelais," by Walter Besant (William Blackwood and Sons).—Mr. Besant has set himself the task of illustrating the wisdom of Rabelais. He has made selections from the story of Gargantua and Pantagruel, which, he is of opinion, may be read with profit. The narrative is made continuous by explanatory paragraphs at the beginning of each chapter. Of course, there may be persons to whom the peculiar wit and wisdom of Rabelais is acceptable; but it is open to doubt if any amount of careful editing will make the great French humourist of the sixteenth century really popular in the nineteenth. However, for those who profess to appreciate Rabelais, Mr. Besant has reproduced some of his work in an intelligible and a handy form.

"The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," by F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. (London: John Murray).—Mr. James, with a large and well-equipped party, hunted for some months, in the winter of 1881-1882, in the Basé country on and about the Sattite River, and therefore close to the northern frontier of Abyssinia. He and his friends were very successful in their excursions after game of all kinds. Moreover, they took with them, amongst other impedimenta, photographing apparatus, and the numerous woodcuts that accompany this volume are realistic—a great merit in such a case. The expedition seems to have been singularly well provided with all essentials for African travel. A doctor was advertised for, and one accompanied the expedition. Here, it may be remarked, the author amuses his readers by giving extracts from the answers of the medical men unsuccessful in their application. This seems to be in very dubious taste. Despite this and a little arrogance of tone, Mr. James's book is a racily-written narrative of travel and adventure.

"Ceylon in 1883: the Leading Crown Colony of the British Empire, &c." by John Ferguson (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—This book is a more or less incomplete description of Ceylon and its industries, from its conquest from the Dutch to the present time. Mr. Ferguson shows that the future of Ceylon depends on its capacity for supplying more than one tropical product for the European market. Already the planters are making fair progress with tea, cinchona, and cocoa. It is certainly remarkable that in thirty years the imports and exports of a Crown Colony should rise in value from half a million to eight

million pounds sterling. For all that, we imagine that Ceylon might have obtained an historian better qualified to give interest to a subject for which there was so much excellent material.

"The Great Musicians, Edited by Francis Hueffer: Mendelssohn," by W. S. Rockstro, author of "The Life of Handel," &c. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—This book is uniform with the other works of the series edited by Mr. Hueffer. Even to those who have small technical knowledge of music, Mr. Rockstro's little volume will afford pleasant reading as a well-written, well-arranged story of the life of a great man. Among not the least interesting features in Mendelssohn's life is his friendship in youth with Goethe, and his connection with some of our own great musical composers. The beauty of the personal character of the subject of this biography adds effectively to the attractiveness of the narrative.

"Short Chapters on Buddhism, Past and Present," by the Right Rev. J. H. Titcomb, D.D., First Bishop of Rangoon (The Religious Tract Society).—This is one of a series of books which the Religious Tract Society purposes publishing on the religions of the East. If the project be adequately carried out, it cannot fail to have a beneficial result by making Oriental religious beliefs more intelligible to English readers. This history of Gaudama, the great Buddha, and of his teachings, is certainly conceived in a liberal spirit. The style is lucid; and, as Dr. Titcomb's attitude is one of strict fairness to a faith which numbers 400,000,000 adherents, "Short Chapters on Buddhism" is both instructive and interesting.

"Greater London: a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places," by Edward Walford, M.A., joint author of "Old and New London," illustrated with numerous engravings. Vol. I. (Cassell and Company, Limited).—Mr. Walford deals with all that is noteworthy in the area comprised in the Metropolitan Police District; that is, in a circle whose centre is Charing Cross, and whose radius is fifteen miles in length. Those who feel an interest in the antiquities, the topography, the history, the past or the present, of the country lying immediately round the metropolis, cannot do better than purchase Mr. Walford's book, which is, moreover, lavishly provided with woodcuts. The work is evidently the outcome of much industry and patient research.

"Voice, Song, and Speech: a Practical Guide for Singers and Speakers, &c.," by Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S.Ed., &c., and Emil Behnke, Lecturer on Vocal Physiology, &c. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—This book is a contribution to "the store of literature on the human voice." It deals with the conditions of the healthy use of the organs of sound, and shows how they may be abused. Mr. Lennox Browne speaks with authority on the medical side of the question, while his collaborator combines laryngeal science with a knowledge of music. The work is intended to be of service to singers, and certainly might be studied by them with advantage. It may be suggested that some of the literary material lavished on the title page should more properly have been embodied in the preface.

"Italian and Other Studies," by Francis Hueffer, author of "The Troubadours," &c., (London: Elliot Stock).—Mr. Hueffer has collected and reprinted some of his contributions to the *Times*, the magazines, and reviews, and altogether offers to the public an agreeable and instructive volume. The studies are all good, but that in which the personal friendship of Petrarch and Boccaccio is described and the one which deals in a kindly and generously appreciative spirit with Schopenhauer and the literary aspect of his work are especially interesting. There was no need at all for Mr. Hueffer's apology for giving us this charming collection of essays.

"Race Course and Covert-Side," by Alfred E. T. Watson, author of "Sketches in the Hunting Field," &c. With illustrations by John Sturges (London: Richard Bentley and Son).—This is a collection of stories and short papers mainly concerning the hunting field and the race course. They are good of their kind, and so are the illustrations. Mr. Watson's book should be popular, especially with that class of readers to whose taste its subject more directly appeals.

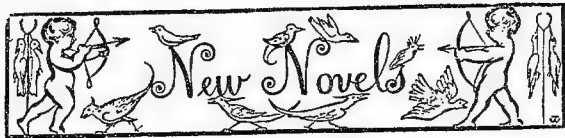
Although London grows perpetually, "The Post Office London Directory" (Elly and Co.) does not increase in size, partly because great economy is exercised in the arrangement of the contents, but chiefly because it deals with a fixed portion of the metropolitan area. The "Greater London" beyond these limits is dealt with in Messrs. Kelly's Suburban Directories. The issue for 1884 (the 85th) is as carefully and accurately compiled as heretofore; and is brought down to the latest dates possible, the deaths, for example, of Alderman Finnis and Lord Howard of Glossop being duly noted.—"Whitaker's Almanack" (12, Warwick Lane) is, in our humble opinion, the prince of almanacs. It is a marvellous storehouse of useful information, and there is something in it for everybody's taste. The chief novelties in the edition for 1884 are histories of the London Corporation, of the Fisheries, of Small Pox, and of Sanitary Laws.—"The British Columbia Directory," by A. C. Anderson (Victoria B.C., R. T. Williams), is a full and valuable guide to one of the very finest of all our colonies. Difficulty of access has hitherto prevented its just appreciation in the old country, but it will be surprising if, with the completion of the Pacific Railway, a tide of abundant immigration does not flow thither.—"The Railway Diary" (McCorquodale and Co.), besides the usual diary-space contains a large amount of information interesting to railway officials and the railway world.—Farmers and stock breeders will find much to please them in the "Live Stock Journal Almanac" (Cassell).—"The Year Book of Photography and Photographic News Almanac" (Piper and Carter), is ably edited, as usual, by Mr. H. Baden Pritchard. It contains a general review of the improvements in photography during the past year, and many articles of interest both to professional and amateur Knights of the Camera. The frontispiece this year is the Grand Opera House at Paris—a phototypographic print from a block by the method of Ives.

We have also to acknowledge a beautiful miniature edition of Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" (Cassell and Co.), composed of five tiny volumes, printed in good legible type, and enclosed in a small box—a most appropriate present for a lady at the present season.—Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, has also sent us a miniature edition, in two volumes, of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Other books which lie on our table are the fourth volume of "Familiar Wild Flowers" (Cassell and Co.), figured and described by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A., and which is quite equal to its predecessors; three little manuals, "Easy Whist," "The Hands at Whist," and "Advanced Whist," by Aquarius (Chapman and Hall), and "A Dictionary of Games and Amusements" (Ward and Lock), which treats of every possible kind of pastime from bicycling to Spellicans, and which will be found invaluable to a young household just now. Finally, we have received from Messrs. Field and Tuer an "Author's Paper Pad," which contains in block form fifty sheets of paper, strong, tough, and delightful to write upon. The advantage of the pad is that it may be comfortably used whether at the desk, held in the hand, or resting on the knee. Each sheet can be easily detached from the block, and contains an eyelet hole, so as to be easily secured after removal.

We have also received "Glimpses and Gleams," by Musgrave Heaphy (Chapman and Hall); "Healey," by Jessie Fothergill (Bentley and Son); "Charles Dayrell," by Henry Solly (Elliot Stock); "The Jewel in the Lotos," by Mary Agnes Tincker (W. H. Allen and Co.); "Bride Picotée," by the author of "L'Atelier du Lys" (Bemrose and Sons); and "Grandmother's Diamond Ring," by Mrs. Minnie Douglas (W. H. Allen and Co.).



AMATEUR THEATRICALS—FINISHING TOUCHES IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"RALPH NORBRECK'S TRUST," by William Westall (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), will remind the reader, in more ways than in that of general style, of its author's "Larry Lohengrin." The same sort of machinery is used to hurry us as soon as possible to the West Indies and Venezuela, the fresh and vigorous description of the last-named picturesque and romantic region being the very sufficient *raison d'être* of both novels. Nearly everything is still left to be said of South America in fiction, and Mr. Westall has nearly all the qualifications of the man to say it. He can speak with what must be assumed to be the authority of original observation and knowledge—indeed, he is always happiest and most effective in proportion as he appears to be relying least upon his imagination. With all the conventionalities of his plot-making we could dispense with the greatest pleasure, for his real field of interest is that of a lively and spirited book of travel and actual adventure. We would especially, in this connection, draw attention to the voyage of the ship, the *Virtuous Maiden*, from Trinidad to Venezuela, and no less to that exciting race won by a horse with a cactus leaf between his saddle and his skin. The animal life of a South American river will not act as an additional temptation towards emigration to the land of earthquakes, even though one of the latter in a very marvellous manner made the fortune of Mr. Westall's hero. Altogether the work is distinguished by exceptional life and vigour, which, combined with a certain genius for reproducing natural effects, compensate for the more ordinary sources of interest in which the novel is decidedly wanting.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Maid of Athens" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), carries us upon ground which, though nearer home than Venezuela, is, to say the least, as fresh and unworn. He does not trespass in the least upon the territory of M. Edmond About, but gives us the actual Athens of the hour, with all its jumble of poetry and vulgarity, and all its native and cosmopolitan peculiarities. For Athena Rosaire, the "Maid of Athens" herself, we cannot contrive to care very much, though admiration is demanded and expected. Her nature is left unrevealed to the last, and she remains a sort of abstract perfection on the representation of the blindly devoted lover in whose person the story is told. In him, and in his rivals, the interest of the novel centres, especially as the young Englishman has to win the prize from such contrasted characters as a peer of his own country, a patriotic Irishman, and a Levantine political adventurer. The character of the last, Constantine Margarites, is ably described, in its combination of intense passion and capacity for the foulest treachery with boyish high spirits, and the fine polish of a man of the world. Mrs. Pollen, moreover, as the portrait of a large, even grand nature crushed into defiant eccentricity, is a fine study, which would have well borne yet fuller development. The story has no want of incident, seeing that it includes the story of a desperate expedition across the Turkish frontier, and it is written throughout in that singularly kindly tone and easy unaffected style which place Mr. McCarthy's novels among the easiest and pleasantest of reading. Those who know modern Greece will naturally enjoy the romance; those who do not will make a very agreeable acquaintance with that incongruous country.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's fictions suffer deplorably from the absence of every sign of her possessing a sense of humour. This unfortunate want is as conspicuous in "Ione" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) as in any of its predecessors. It is clever, of course; it is interesting; but it is intensely bitter, and, as it were, intentionally disagreeable. A touch of humour would have effected a seemingly magical change for the better, if only by taking into account the relative proportions of great and little things, and by realising that there is a great deal to ridicule in wickedness, and much to smile at, or with, in folly. As things are, sympathy of any sort is out of the question in the case of a hero who is merely a despicable fool, with one heroine who is irritatingly docile to circumstances, and to another who is apparently invented merely by way of an awful example of what comes from want of ordinary self-control. Even such comedy-business as provincial exclusiveness is treated with exaggerated seriousness, and thus runs into most unintentional caricature. The novel abounds, moreover, in lost opportunities. The Sicilian form of the *Canarra*, known as *Mafia*, is an institution requiring much more than a passing mention, when one has been carried all the way to Palermo for no discoverable reason other than to introduce us to its existence—we all knew of its existence, but its nature and its action gave admirable opportunity for opening up a region full of interest hitherto unexplored. Mrs. Linton, in other respects, leaves altogether too much to the knowledge or imagination of her readers. Whenever a difficulty occurs in the plot, she lets down the curtain.

SOME FINE-ART BOOKS

AUTHORITATIVE and trustworthy histories are never so difficult to write as where the field is either unexplored or lost in the obscurity of antiquity. This season has, however, produced three remarkable and laborious works of this character. Prominent amongst them is Part I. of "The Ornamental Art of Japan" (S. Low and Co.), by Mr. Audsley, joint author of "The Ceramic Art of Japan," published some eight years ago. Mr. Audsley, who has for years made a special study of Japanese Art, both from personal observation and from information gleaned from the native artists themselves, has rendered a service to lovers of Japanese Art, and to the whole Western World, by undertaking a task which we are surprised was not long ago undertaken by the South Kensington authorities. With the advance of commercial intercourse native Japanese Art has suffered many regrettable changes, although Mr. Audsley believes that true Art and manipulative skill are not altogether so much of the past as many would assert. His efforts to collect and detail all the information available upon the position and capabilities of the several Ornamental Arts are worthy of the highest praise, for the landmarks for such a history are rapidly disappearing. The want of enterprise in collectors in neglecting to acquire the masterpieces of Japanese Art is due not alone to indifference, but to misconceptions concerning the peculiar style of native Art. Mr. Audsley has done his best to remove such ideas. He was the first to go to Japan to study the Art and analyse the Art-thoughts of its inhabitants; and his book is, therefore, not only valuable for the care bestowed upon its smallest detail, but unique as an account of the state of Art in the country. The plates are numerous and costly, and the letterpress is above the standard usually attained in works of this class. One plate, which will at once rivet the attention, is a representation, in four divisions, of Hell as it exists according to the ideas of the Japanese Buddhists. The punishments depicted become more fearful in every group, their horror being enhanced, in the Buddhist mind, by the belief that the body is restored to consciousness after every phase of torture, in order that it may have full experience of those to follow. The picture is ghastly; but, fortunately for native Art, the author tells us that such paintings are not now in favour in Japan.

A second work, embodying the fruits of painstaking research, is the "History of Art in Chaldaea and Assyria," by Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez (Chapman and Hall), translated from the French by W. Armstrong. M. Perrot has long been distinguished for his

explorations in Galatia and his untiring study of ancient Oriental Art. M. Chipiez has collaborated with him chiefly, we believe, in the architectural portions of the book, but with both the aim has been to set forth the history of the arts which flourished when the early civilisations of Egypt, Chaldaea, and Assyria were at their zenith; and prove, by careful analysis of the rise and progress of the arts in each, the influence which they exercised upon the glorious development of Grecian Art. The ancient Art of Egypt was dealt with in two earlier volumes by the same authors. Now, at the conclusion of the survey of all available knowledge upon the arts of Chaldaea and Assyria, a comparison of considerable interest is drawn between the Egyptians and Chaldaeans, the laborious forerunners of the brilliant sculptors of Western Europe. The genius of the Greeks, M. Perrot insists, is not sufficient to account for their rapid progress to the pinnacle of plastic fame, and it is no small pleasure to follow him through the various stages of the developments of the art, from the draped and constrained figures in bas relief of the Chaldaeans, when historical and anecdotic sculpture was turned out by the yard, to the higher teaching conveyed in the unveiled figures of the Egyptian artists, and so on to the days when the human figure was first modelled in the round. The work is a valuable addition to archaeological literature, and the thanks of the whole civilised world are due to the authors who have so carefully compiled the history of the arts of two peoples, often forgotten, but who were in reality the founders of Western civilisation.

The third, of no less valuable efficiency and importance, is "The History of Ancient Sculpture" (Kegan Paul and Co.), by Mrs. Mitchell, an American lady. No pains seem to have been spared to utilise every available source of information, for every record in the libraries and archaeological institutions of Europe, every monument, from the tiny jewel to the colossal statue, has been consulted and studied in the original, except when inaccessible, and in those cases the best casts or photographic reproductions of the monuments have been examined. The book is illustrated by over three hundred plates and engravings, some of the drawings in Chaldaean and Assyrian sculpture being similar to those in Perrot and Chipiez's sculptural history of the same period; and the subject matter of the work comprises the detailed history of all the monuments of antiquity from Egypt, Chaldaea, Assyria, Persia, Phoenicia, Greece, and Rome. The value of the geographical element in the history of the art is made especially prominent, and new and important comparisons drawn between the contemporary position of the art in different regions. The vast subject is treated throughout with scholarly accuracy and deep insight, and the whole art surveyed with masterly analysis from its crude beginnings in the land of Pharaoh, throughout its prime in the free land of Greece, to its gradual and painful decline, as shown in historical sequence from the Golden Age of Augustus to the fall of Art under Constantine. As a comprehensive and trustworthy history of the greatest of arts, Mrs. Mitchell's work is invaluable to the student, the reader, and the archaeologist.

Every year brings with it a certain proportion of reprints, and this season is no exception to the rule. Welcome amongst these to a generation who know many of the names but little of the works of the celebrated artists of the past is the collection of "Bygone Beauties" (Field and Tuer), from the brush of John Hoppner, R.A. The brilliant colouring of many of Hoppner's portraits painted eighty years ago, when he was the successful rival of Lawrence and Opie, has now faded, and the quality of his work can best be judged by the engravings of them. Wilkin, the engraver and original publisher of the set now reprinted, was one of the most finished illustrators of the stippled or dotted engraving of that time, so that an additional interest is attached to the work. The portraits show a fine sense of beauty, but this must be taken for what it is worth, as Mr. Tuer, the editor of the present folio, whose name is associated with the admirable life of "Bartolozzi," reminds us that Hoppner's success was largely due to his power of improving without losing the resemblance to the features of his fair sitters.

Another reprint of equal interest, though of a different kind, is the publication in two volumes of Lady Eastlake's scholarly articles upon "Five Great Painters" (Longmans and Co.), contributed within the last few years to the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*. In these essays the careers of five men, whom the whole world acknowledges as the giants of pictorial art, are considered from three points of view—their time, their lives, and their works; and in each case Lady Eastlake has proved herself thoroughly qualified to be heard. Working for years by the side of the late Sir Charles Eastlake, who was so gifted a contributor to the history of the Fine Arts, she had exceptional advantages in becoming conversant with every important phase in their development, and in connecting a man's inner life and thoughts as exemplified in his works with the influences at issue in the society of his time. It is perhaps owing to this that Lady Eastlake has laid such stress upon the servile side of the great Leonardo da Vinci's character, has shown us that he was content to take the times as he found them, not lamenting the rottenness of the social fabric like Michel Angelo, the stern and upright, who found both time and genius wasted by the caprice and ignorance of his patrons. The authoress shows us Titian as the contrast to both, using his great powers with freedom from youth to the grave, and not scorning to write to his patron, Philip II., to tell him his money had not been paid, and that in spite of his being a conqueror in the battle-field his Ministers were heedless of his commands. The life and works of Raphael and Albert Dürer complete the essays.

A third reprint, entitled "Some Modern Artists and Their Works" (Cassell and Co.), is of more modern biographical interest, being selections from the text and illustrations of the earlier volumes of the *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Meynell, the editor, has brought great judgment and discrimination to his task, and the result is a fascinating collection of the engravings of the most popular masterpieces of the foremost artists of the day, together with portraits of themselves, their studios and houses, and a descriptive letterpress which every reader will welcome. Fifteen Royal Academicians, and several Associates, as well as Munkacsy, Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Butler, Legros, and Meissonnier, figure in its pages, and the biographical notices of each and all are of sufficient merit and interest to make the volume acceptable to those who are anxious for personal details of the artists whose works they admire.

Some excellent advice to the Art student and amateur artist is given in the little manual, "Trees, and How to Paint Them," by W. H. J. Boot (Cassell and Company). Mr. Boot, who has recently contributed illustrations to "Lorna Doone," speaks with authority upon the subject, and his advice upon all the details of tree-painting in water-colour is exhaustive and to the point. The trees he has taken for examples are the oak, the elm, the ash, the Scotch fir, and the beech, sketches of each being given in colour, in different stages of finish, and illustrative of the various parts of their anatomy. No one can go far wrong in beginning work with this book alone before them, even if they have little or no previous knowledge of tree-painting, for the directions as to materials, colours, paper, brushes, pencils, &c., are as carefully set out as the means of gaining a practical knowledge of tree-form by studying at all times of the year.

"China Painting" (Cassell and Company) is the title of a book of directions for a similar class of readers, by Florence Lewis. Painting on china is, unfortunately, not as popular or remunerative as it was; but perhaps Miss Lewis's very careful directions, and the plates which she has taken the trouble to produce, illustrating varying designs from the first tinting to completion, may enable both artists and amateurs to attain a higher degree of perfection, and revive an art which the exhibitions of the last few years have proved capable of great development. No advice which ambitious students could desire appears to have been omitted.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A simple song, well suited to the schoolroom, is "Gentle Pity," by Maria X. Hayes and Giacomo Ferraris.—Three very pleasing pieces for the drawing-room are "Danse Bohémienne" and "Alpine Bells," by Étienne Claudet; and "Forward!" a showy and telling march, by E. H. Sügg.—Two sets of capital waltzes, with very pretty frontispieces, are "My Bride Valse," by Alphonse Beck; and "At the Stille Valse," by Vassila Kollis.

MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS, EDINBURGH.—A brace of pretty drawing-room songs, written and composed by E. Oxenford and F. Abt, are "Remember," suitable for a light tenor voice, and "The Olden Songs," of medium compass.—The title of "Only a Little Beggar Maiden" will show that it belongs to that much worn theme of ill-usage and final death in the street which always commands sympathy; words and music are by Florence M. Fulton.—A remarkably graceful floral frontispiece attracts attention to "Flowers," a pleasing song written and composed by "Nita" and John Kinross.—Most of our readers are familiar with the old-fashioned tune, "Merrily Danced the Quaker's Wife." Professor Blackie has set new words to this blithesome melody, entitled "The Quaker's Wife;" we commend this song to merry young maidens at a Christmas party.—"The Queen's Gavotte" (in G), for harpsichord, piano, or organ, by A. H. Spens Black, is a cheerful and tuneful *morceau* for waking up the sleepers after a dinner party.—"Albumbblatt," a two-page piece for the pianoforte by August Hyllested, will surely be encored.—Of a somewhat ordinary type, "Vanity Fair Valses," by Madge Payne, have sufficient go in them to be popular at a carpet dance.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The latest issue of "Music Primers" from this firm is "Two-Part Vocal Exercises," by James Greenwood, for the use of choirs and schools. Teachers of singing will find this clever work extremely useful; the plan on which it is arranged is novel and very excellent; before the students have mastered half the three hundred and ninety-six exercises they will sing well at sight, and by the time they have learnt the whole number nothing will come amiss to them.—Somewhat late in the day comes a capital "National Chorus—Tel-el-Kebir;" it is written in march time, words by W. J. Millar, music by D. Middleton, and may be sung either in unison by Volunteers on the march or by any choral singers.—A spirited song of an old-fashioned type is "The Talisman," written and composed by F. Gilbert-Webb.—"Romanzetta," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a posthumous work of Henry Smart, will prove a welcome addition to the musical home circle.—"An Easy Fantasia for Violin and Pianoforte," with *ad lib.* accompaniment for two violins and violoncello, also "Scotland," an easy arrangement of melodies for the same instruments, both composed by Stephen Jarvis, are well worthy the attention of amateur players of concerted music who are not quite up to classical compositions.—The same may be said of "Fantasia on Welsh Airs," by R. S. Hughes, arranged for two violins, violoncello, and pianoforte.—The advanced *pianiste* will find some excellent practice in "Bourrée in G," by Agnes Zimmermann.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The season for part songs is now on both in the concert-room and the home circle; would that concerted music, both vocal and instrumental, were more general in lieu of the long string of popular ballads, which so often bear such a strong family likeness one to the other. A graceful part song for A. T. B. B. is "Sérénade," by Langton Ellis. Our gentlemen readers would do well to get it up and surprise their lady friends with it, either sung under their windows or in the hall at parting after a festive gathering (The London Publishing and General Agency Company).—Of a melancholy and retrospective character is "Happy Moments," a tenor song by Wm. C. Newsham (Messrs. Reid Bros.).—There is a stirring and healthy tone in "One and All," a song in praise of Cornishmen, written and composed by E. H. Moore and Charles G. Oliver. The chorus to it is written not only in unison but also in four parts, on the last page, for the benefit of cultivated singers, an excellent arrangement (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—A sad tale of the sea is "Wrecked," a descriptive and dramatic ballad, written and composed by Fred. Dennett and Arthur Briscoe (J. King).—A song with a bluff and jolly ring in it is "Lost and Found," words by E. Oxenford, music by G. Hubi Newcome; this song will take well at a popular concert; it is published in B flat and in D (Messrs. Wood and Co.).

FIFTY YEARS AGO

IN ancient times when Christmas came,
And folks ne'er went astray,
Toward the church, with cheeks aflame,
The people took their way.
The wind was chill, and o'er the hill
Swift blew the drifting snow,
As man and maid together prayed
Full fifty years ago.

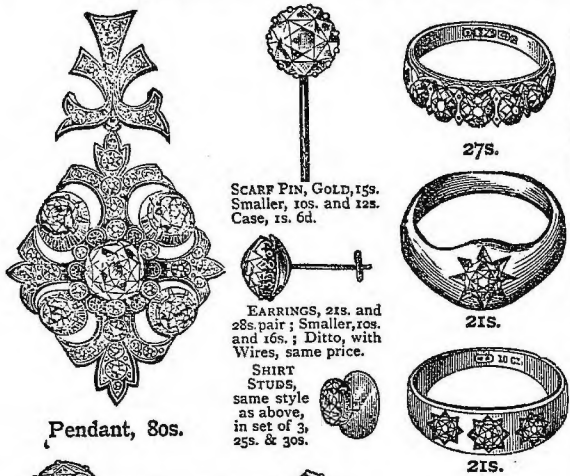
The farmer heaped his groaning board
With viands rich and rare,
His cellar with good ale was stored;
To taste his dainty fare
He called within, from shame and sin,
His brethren fallen low,
And washed their feet, and gave them merriment,
Full fifty years ago.

The fiddler played with cheerful sound,
The parson smiled to see
His children's children gather round,
And sit upon his knee.
"Sir Roger" gay, they danced away,
With hearts and cheeks aglow,
Nor thought amiss a maid to kiss,
Full fifty years ago.

"God bless you merry—" Here the notes,
(As happens now and then)
Stuck fast within the wheezy throats
Of wait-ing gentlemen;
But still they sang, as sweet bells rang,
And kicked each freezing toe—
Such cold (ah me!) would always be
Full fifty years ago.

But now we live our daily life
In sorrow and in pain,
And every moment breeds a strife
To render living vain;
And nothing seems, except in dreams—
Who knocks? "Why talking so?
Sweet, kiss me thrice! 'tis quite as nice
As fifty years ago!"

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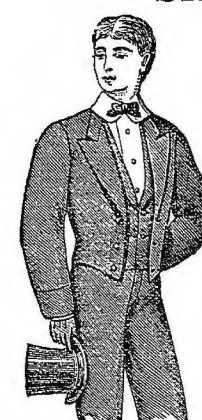
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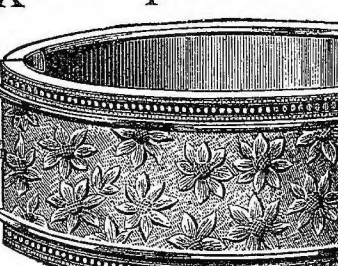


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THE OFFICE OF THE LIVER is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets; when the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete (or waste) matter is left floating in the blood; under these circumstances should the poison germ of Cholera or Fever be absorbed, then the disease results: on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal or healthy condition may be subjected to precisely the same condition, as to the contagious influences, and yet escape Cholera and Fever. This I consider explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared to a weed (and a very ugly one too); but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is, the germ of Cholera or Fever—and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root any more than a weed could do on a flagstone; and, on the other hand, a person may have the soil (that is, disordered secretions, &c.), very favourable for the disease, and still he escapes. Why, because the soil was prepared, but there was no seed. Hence the importance and great value of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which, under all circumstances, keeps the secretions normal; if only as a preventive against and sure remedy for poisoned blood, biliousness, sick headaches, &c., no one ought to be without it.

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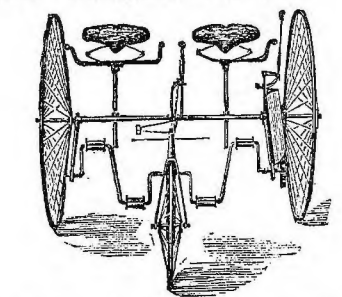


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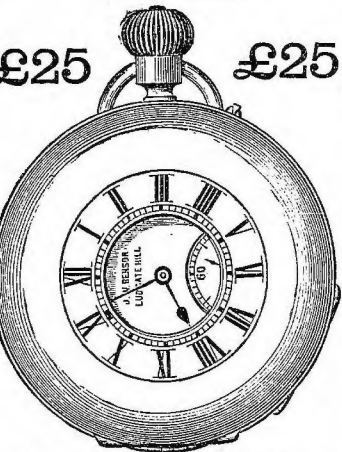


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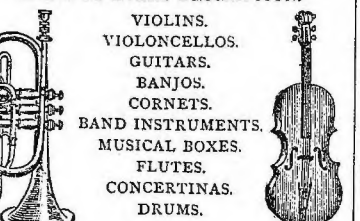
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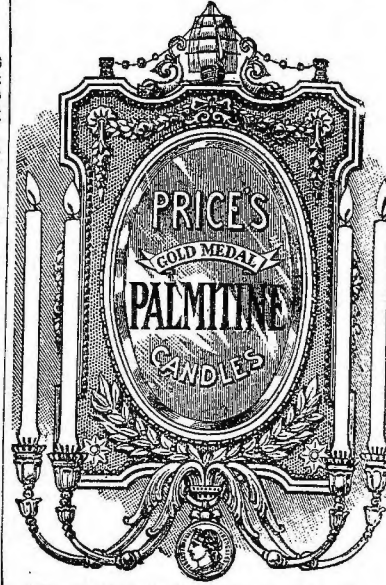
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8½d. per yard. Linens 4s. 6d. per dozen. Fine
Linen and Linen Dia-
per, 10d. per yard.

IRISH LINEN Real Irish Linen Sheet, fully bleached
2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard; 2½
yards, 2s. 4½d. per yard (the most dura-
ble article made, and far superior to any foreign man-
ufactured goods). Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide,
3½d. per yard. Linen Dusters,
Surplice Linen, 3s. 3d.; Glass Cloths,
8½d. per yard. Linens 4s. 6d. per dozen. Fine
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